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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For the first time for twenty years, as Mr. Asquith crowded jubilantly at Henley on Thursday, the Liberal party in the next House of Commons will be master in its own household. The elections up to yesterday afternoon had resulted in a gain to the Liberals of 121 seats, to the Labour party of 27 seats, to the Unionists of 4 and to the Nationalists of 1. In the North the Radicals have for all practical purposes swept the board, the towns, with the exceptions of Liverpool, Birmingham and Sheffield, have given them preponderance if not an overwhelming majority, the counties have followed the towns to a surprising extent, and the South has only modified not reversed the record. The effect at present is that of 424 members elected, 221 are Liberals, 96 Unionists, 34 Labour and 73 Nationalists, giving Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues a clear majority over Unionists, Nationalists and Labour members of eighteen. Assuming that the seats yet to be fought remain unchanged, the Government if supported by the Nationalists and the Labour members will have a majority in the new Parliament of something like 220.

“Thank God we have a House of Lords!” may well have come to the lips of many people this week watching the announcements on the club tapes of the defeat of leading Unionist after Unionist. Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Chaplin, and Lord Stanley so quickly following Mr. Balfour! In such a battue of the big game the fate of lesser Ministers has really almost been unheeded by the public. Yet several of the brightest of the younger men who held office in the last Government have lost their seats, notably Captain Pretymann and Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes. Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Arnold-Forster are indeed among the few front bench survivors. It is odd that two out of the three Unionists who have within the last

few years filled a post supposed to be the grave of Parliamentary reputations should have escaped.

In several cases the Unionist leaders have been defeated by men of little enough distinction outside their own town or county division. To unseat a leader of eminence, a powerful opponent is, as a rule, chosen by the party organisers. But it is a feature of this election that almost any Liberal candidate serves the purpose. In 1886 almost any Unionist had a good chance in an English constituency, and it must be admitted that the party, after that contest, had a not very distinguished tail. But there surely never was such an election as the present for Tom, Dick and Harry. We think that in private even some Liberals would admit that, say, Mr. Horridge and Mr. Berridge are not intellectually a quite reasonable exchange for the men they have defeated—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lyttelton.

But no doubt to a party, which prides itself on the refined and cultivated phraseology of Mr. Burns, it will be a special relish to their enjoyment of Mr. Balfour’s reverse that it means the rejection, after an association of twenty years, of one of the most refined and courteous of characters and the most cultivated intellect in the House of Commons. Had Mr. Balfour been a loud-mouthed vulgarian or some unctuous Stiggins there would have been an element of regret in their satisfaction; there would not have been the indecent exultation with which the Liberal party has been drunk for a whole week. How it elevates one’s idea of popular government to think of the methods by which Mr. Balfour has been beaten; methods disowned even by the local lawyer who for so long had been ferreting about among Mr. Balfour’s constituents, when public duties kept him away, to find something to say or insinuate against their member. Mr. Chamberlain’s gibe was just. In future eminent statesmanship need not apply at Manchester. It prefers nonentity.

Nothing could be better than Mr. Balfour’s conduct in defeat. Even some of his opponents admit as much. But we fancy Mr. Balfour may find more satisfaction presently in what Keats termed “that solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine” than in any public praise. We would not compare Mr. Balfour with Napoleon—he is of another variety of genius. But Mr. Balfour certainly keeps his serenity quite as well as Napoleon desired to do during a great rout and retreat. He has never for a moment descended to

electionese in language, argument or temper. He has even preserved the literary grace of his speaking. As an example one may cite the speech he made at Nottingham so soon after his defeat.

Liberals' glee at the election of Mr. Churchill is consistent: those who are glad to lose an intellectual will naturally be delighted to gain a mountebank. We cannot blame the mob for liking Mr. Churchill. The mob is fickle: so it likes a man who rats from his party; the mob has always liked a Punch and Judy show: and Mr. Churchill's antics are as funny as Punch and Judy, and it is much cheaper to pay in votes than in coppers. Also they feel that they must see this show quickly, or they will be too late. As a minister Mr. Churchill will have to be taken seriously; and that must soon end his career. It is all very well to watch a monkey grinning and chattering and gyrating on a barrel organ gratis; but it is not worth paying for. Liberals will think the reduction of their Government to absurdity in the eyes of the colonies too big a price for the show.

Some enthusiastic Liberals, their heads not unnaturally turned by success, began to have hopes that Mr. Chamberlain would lose his seat in Birmingham. They were preparing for a war-dance. But it did not come off. Mr. Chamberlain was returned by a majority of 5,079, as against a majority of 4,278 in 1885, the last time when he was opposed. Thus not only did the Radicals fail to do any damage to his position, but they actually lost ground. This is the most striking evidence of Mr. Chamberlain's influence we have yet had. Who else could add to an already immense majority at a time when his party was losing all along the line? The Colonies, it is pleasant to note, take Mr. Chamberlain's success as a success for the whole empire. One welcomes his good fortune all the more that he has expressed in quite delightful phrase the feeling of all loyal Unionists towards Mr. Balfour in this time of his bad luck. Mr. Balfour is our leader now more than ever. It is the way of many, perhaps most men, to go with the winning side—a trait of human nature which at the moment is giving the Liberals scores of seats—but Mr. Chamberlain will not have Unionists harbour so contemptible a feeling.

The walls of Birmingham are as unbreachable as those of which Matthew Arnold sang. True several positions perilously near Mr. Chamberlain's citadel were stormed at the beginning of the week, as West Bromwich; but on Birmingham itself Liberals have made not a dent. Mr. Jesse Collings is unscathed. We venture to predict that when, benign and smiling, he walks up to take the oath and his seat in the House of Commons, he will get a reception only second to that which awaits his chief. We never thought much of his three acres and a cow; they appear to have been adapted from a long forgotten policy of an Earl of Winchelsea a hundred years ago; and they have gone quite out of cultivation. But Mr. Collings himself the House of Commons does not want to lose. He is a homely and kindly figure; and he is the absolutely faithful follower of the most effective figure by far in English politics.

In the large centres of population the most conspicuous factor in the defeat of Unionist candidates has been the rise of the labour party. If it had not been for this, and Liberalism had depended on its old class of candidates, Unionism would not have been so hampered as it has been. It is a movement which is very likely to grow, since in such places as Sheffield, or Bradford, or Newcastle the possibilities of trade unionism have been by no means reached during the present elections, though the labour men have won thirty-four seats and polled more than three hundred thousand votes. Except as regards trade unionism there is no positive inference to be made from the voting in populous centres where working-men are in the majority. In Sheffield, a typical labour constituency, there has only been one Liberal gain, and three of its five divisions still return Unionist members; and the labour member's majority in Attercliffe has been a little reduced since last election.

On the other hand in Bradford there is either a Liberal or a labour gain in each of its three divisions, so that these two great Yorkshire business towns, not far from each other, present a quite contrary result. Sheffield is predominantly protectionist and this no doubt explains its position; but Bradford is certainly not so much for free trade as to account for the defeat of Unionists. A correspondent who knows Bradford parties more intimately perhaps than anyone else informs us that it is certainly not free trade that has won the victories. Chinese labour amongst the working-men has been more decisive. But it is hard work carried on persistently since last election that has won Bradford for the Liberals. Sick of being out in the cold, they were bent on getting in this time. Conservative prosperity on the other hand had naturally produced a good deal of lazy lassitude on their side. Never, either in money or energy, have Bradford Liberals spent so much as on this occasion.

But in all the great working centres the fact of the rally to trade unionism is of the most significance. That explains the origin of the Labour Representation Committee and labour candidates. Until trade unionism is wholly or partially restored to its former position organised labour will care for little else. Conservatives who wonder at working-men being free traders should take into account the fact that the working classes are hindered from voting for tariff reform because many tariff reformers have been hostile to trade unionism. An increased labour party does not mean anything like a proportionate increase in formal socialism. Avowed socialists have played a very insignificant part in the elections. Mr. Hyndman has done best, and he was defeated at Burnley by the labour candidate. The labour party is mostly Radical, and its socialism is not more than a stronger belief than most Liberals or Conservatives have in municipalisation. The programme on which they are all agreed is the rehabilitation of trade unionism, and Mr. Asquith knew this when he promised the Bill for removing the disabilities imposed by the Taff Vale Railway decision; which before the election he had said he could not see his way to do.

The Liberal success in London is as striking as their success in the North, perhaps more so. London has gone by landslides, that is the only word for it; virtually the whole of North London and East London; large tracts in the South, and even great fragments of the South-West, such as Chelsea and Fulham. Those who inquire into these things and are in touch with the politics of London fully expected a very heavy Unionist loss, but not a clean sweep of this kind. London has been much neglected by the Unionist party, and the Unionist members were not in most cases of a strong calibre. They have not worked hard during the years of prosperity, and very few of them had any personality that could compensate for deficiency of hard work. The Liberals on the other hand have been working persistently and scientifically. All the forces that told against us in the great provincial towns told also in London. In addition there is a large middle-class element in London of the pensioner type, retired officials and paid-off employees, who preferred to vote for candidates whose views they believed to be hurtful to their country to taking even the remotest chance of paying a penny more for anything they wished to buy. A similar class lost us Cheltenham, Leamington, Eastbourne, and such places.

The picture is not quite unrelieved. Lord Percy has increased his majority: the City, Westminster, and the Strand have not wavered; and the East End has saved itself from a stain of the worst ingratitude by returning Mr. Claude Hay for Hoxton and Sir J. Evans-Gordon for Stepney. It would have been a great public disaster if the man who really carried the Aliens Act had been thrown out of Parliament just as the Act was coming into force. But on the whole Mr. Claude Hay's victory in Hoxton is the best thing Unionists have done throughout the whole election. Here is a constituency, one of

the poorest in the whole country, but a few years ago the very stronghold of London Radicalism, not only kept for the Unionists, in face of a Liberal stream running with almost unparalleled strength, but kept with a nearly triple majority. It is a really extraordinary feat; and we doubt if any other man than Mr. Hay could have done it. For these things are not done by mere politics: they are done by knowing and taking a real interest in the life of your constituents, and by untiring work. If other Unionist members in London had worked on Mr. Hay's lines, and as hard, these elections would have told a different tale.

The smaller boroughs, by comparison, have been far more faithful to the Unionist cause than the large towns. Maidstone and Hastings have been actually won by Unionists; whilst the issue in the S. Albans Division of Hertfordshire—also a Unionist gain—was undoubtedly decided by the town voters. King's Lynn—no wonder—Lincoln, Whitehaven, Chester, Christchurch, and Salisbury are among the smaller boroughs which have returned Liberals. But Winchester, Canterbury, Bury St. Edmunds, Yarmouth, Worcester, and Shrewsbury are still Tory.

The paradoxical nature of Irish politics is illustrated by the dulness of the General Election in Ireland. Except that a new criterion of statesmanship has been announced—that of ability to lead a drake to a hen-house—there has been general stagnation. Once again the managers of a professedly democratic and independent party have nominated candidates and the electorate have generally obeyed. But Mr. Redmond has shirked a fight with Mr. William O'Brien's followers in the South. He has the poor consolation of snuffing out an independent Nationalist in Newry, but will probably be unable to prevent the return of Mr. Walter Long in South Dublin County, provided Unionists do not keep him out, as some of them kept out Mr. Plunkett at the last election. It is a pity that Mr. Long did not accept the invitation in the first instance, but Mr. Bernard deserves credit for making way for the ex-Chief Secretary, whose presence in the House as an Irish member will be an appropriate mark of good work done in a very difficult post.

In Ulster the fanatics are throwing away a safe Unionist seat in revenge for Lord Arthur Hill's opposition to Mr. Sloan. But in spite of such satisfaction as local Orange squabbles may give the Nationalists in Belfast, Mr. Redmond must be appalled at the extent of the Liberal reaction. Even with the aid of the Labour members he will probably be unable to dictate to the Government. We shall be curious to see what compensation he gets out of them for helping the cause of secularised education in England. The Irish bishops are displeased, and his authority over his own party will not be very strong. They return, reinforced by no new blood, to figure as suppliants instead of dictators. Unless the Liberals go much farther towards Home Rule than—in view of their unexpected strength—they need, Mr. Redmond's failure to control the situation will strengthen the hands of the extreme Nationalists who denounce the Parliamentary party as humbugs, and Mr. Bryce's real troubles will come not in the House but from an organised attempt to paralyse the Irish executive by adroit use of the machinery of local Government.

In the midst of the General Election a new Liberal daily paper, "The Tribune", has appeared. It has received a cautious blessing from the Prime Minister. The leader of a party, asked to say a good word for a particular party newspaper, is rather delicately situated. To say nothing is ungenerous: to say much may be to wound the susceptibilities of rival organs of the same colour. It is granted to few newspapers indeed to secure in a single week signed articles by the two leading men of the party, as it once was to Mr. Cust—whose temporary discomfiture at Bermondsey is a loss to the House of Commons. "The Tribune", judging by the first number or so, deserves support. Its tone

is excellent, and one or two of its articles, which we have read, have been distinguished by restraint and balance, and that rarest thing in the world, judgment.

No attempt is made by our friends abroad to disguise their satisfaction at the result of the elections. From the United States, from Germany and from Austria come notes warmly approving a verdict which leaves the best market in the world open to their attack. Neither the German nor the American manufacturer had any difficulty in understanding what a British preferential tariff would mean; they realised long ago that it would be a serious blow to their operations after supplying their own markets. "Evidently the prospect of paying a little more for food terrifies the British electorate", says one American journal. "Well, that suits the United States all right." It is only necessary to point out that the United States sell eighty millions sterling worth of goods and produce to Great Britain more than they buy from us, to see what cause for relief the Americans have. Germany is pleased not merely because trade will be left undisturbed, but because her new tariff, which will make trade with her still more difficult, would, if a British fighting tariff were introduced, prove a double-edged weapon.

M. Fallières has been elected, as was anticipated, to the Presidency of the French Republic. The electors were the Deputies and the Senate, making together a body of about eight hundred. M. Fallières obtained 449 votes and his opponent M. Doumer, the recently appointed President of the Chamber, 371. Both were Republican candidates, but M. Doumer had the support of members of the Right and the Nationalists as well as of moderate Republicans and Liberals who were displeased with the support given by M. Fallières to the Radical-Socialists. The result seems to be that, after deducting this extraneous support, M. Doumer polled 258 fewer purely Republican votes than M. Fallières. The election passed off very quietly and the only incident appears to have been an exclamation by an ardent plebiscitarian; "forty million citizens and eight hundred voters". This was an echo of the memorable conflict of a few years ago when the Nationalists were making their attack on the Republic. And in view of the election of an American President there is something strikingly undemocratic in the French system. M. Fallières is very much of the same type both of character and politics as M. Loubet. M. Loubet is supposed to be very ready to lay down the burden of his office but his actual term does not expire until the 18 February next.

Alarmist suggestions as to the possibilities of serious international friction over the question of Morocco's future appear ridiculous after the goodwill shown by the delegates at their preliminary meeting at Algier on Tuesday. The Spanish representative, the Duke of Almodovar, was selected as president and in an admirable little speech, which M. Révoil echoed, explained that the triple aim of the Conference is to introduce reforms into the government of Morocco under the sovereignty of the Sultan, to ensure the integrity of the State and to secure equality of treatment—in other words the open door—in commercial matters. There is no idea of the dismemberment of his Shereefian Majesty's dominions, and the real purpose of the Conference is to prevent any one Power from acquiring supreme control. As France seems prepared to surrender a cherished ambition for the sake of peace, the delegates will no doubt find some way of meeting her special views on matters of immediate moment to the government of Algeria.

The Russian revolution has for the present undoubtedly exhausted itself and it is equally certain that the Government is not relaxing in its repressive measures for preventing its recrudescence. These measures have been represented as indicating an intention to reimpose the unmodified autocracy on the country. Count Witte has authorised the statement that these measures are to be explained by the desire

of the Government to secure the complete execution of the reforms promised in the Manifesto which the revolutionaries, who do not want the Douma, are seeking to combat. A propos of this a "Times" correspondent in S. Petersburg, though he holds pessimistic views as to the immediate future, says that he sees one bright spot in the persistent and unshakable determination of the Sovereign to introduce constitutional government. Certain electoral arrangements are being made whose meaning is obscure enough to Englishmen, but the correspondent states that the Emperor has ordered an amendment of the organic laws in conformity with the Manifesto of 30 October—a revision which would make Russian laws approach nearer our ideal—and that he is satisfied this order correctly represents the intention of Nicholas II.

Like all the previous reports issued by the Tariff Commission, that dealing with flax, hemp, and jute tells only one story and bears only one moral. Foreign tariffs have hit these industries hard; and while exports of British yarns and manufactured goods to the Continent have decreased, the foreigner has largely increased his export of manufactured goods to us. Irish flax-spinners, admittedly the best in the world, have suffered by the stoppage of no fewer than 200,000 spindles since 1870. Less and less acreage in Ireland is placed under flax. Capital cannot be attracted to the cultivation because there is no sort of market security. Nor is it only at home that we are feeling the pinch of unfair competition. The German and the Belgian are using all their energies to capture the British colonial markets and the testimony is general that preference alone can prevent the colonial market from going the way of the foreign. At a time when British Indian enterprise in Eastern markets has become a serious matter for Dundee and Belfast, it is peculiarly hard that the foreigner should be allowed a free hand to complete the discomfiture of the British manufacturer.

If facts could secure support for the cause of tariff reform, there might be hope that certain recent announcements as to great works being transferred abroad would not altogether be lost on the free trader's mind. Messrs. Thornycroft and Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim have secured valuable orders to construct motors, boats and guns for Italy. The work will not be done in England. In order to escape the Italian tariff, which Great Britain has no means of fighting, the work will be executed for the contractors under their supervision by firms either Italian or located in Italy. Not a penny will go to the British working man. Equally serious may prove to be the powerfully backed agitation in Australia with a view to a prohibitive tariff on woollen manufactures which would enable Australia to utilise her raw material for the benefit of her own workmen. Great Britain could secure preference now without a doubt, but once let Australia build up a considerable industry in woollen manufactures and she will naturally be shy of letting in our woollens free or even under a very low duty.

Burma seems even to have surpassed India—if that were possible—in the reception given to the Prince of Wales. His experience there promises to be the brightest of his Eastern tour. Even without the unequalled illuminations, which made the railway journey a torchlight procession, Burma is in itself a picture full of life and colour and gaiety—a little fragment of the golden age which has survived the sombre march of civilisation. Famine is unknown in that happy land. In some parts of India which the Prince has recently quitted the recurrence of drought and the scarcity which accompanies it is again reported. A partial failure of the spring harvest now approaching maturity is feared over large tracts whose natural aridity exposes them constantly to such calamities. The position is still one of observation and precautionary measures. Relief works of a test character have been opened, but the numbers seeking them are not yet very considerable. Machinery highly organised to meet any contingency can be immediately set going if the necessity arises.

THE FLOOD.

NO one who knows anything about politics will doubt that if we had a Ministry of Angels with an archangel as prime minister, at the end of five years the people would vote for a Ministry of Devils. There is but one natural law of popular politics; they move with the motion of the tides. The movement may be disguised by special circumstances making it difficult to trace its effect: the tide may wash away the very marks by which its height is usually measured. None the less, the movement to and fro always goes on. At the election of 1900 it was obscured but it was there. There was a conflict of forces: national feeling about the South African war was strong enough to neutralise so far as observation could gauge it the effect of the tide; but had the regular tide not been against the Unionists, who had been in power for over five years, they would have swept the whole country, swept it as effectually as the Liberals are sweeping it now. The impulse of the South African war added to the turn of the tide would have been irresistible. Usually the tide reaches far enough to carry the opposition party into power, but it seldom rises so high as not to leave a strong minority of the other party. Whether it will do so or not depends on what counteracting and what supplementary forces are in operation. This time the only problematic counteraction was a new political propaganda; while the long damming up of the rising tide undoubtedly added to its force when at length it was allowed to break through. These may be described as natural political forces, whose action can be discounted with considerable probability. So far there is nothing to surprise the political observer, and, if a practical politician as well, he should not be dismayed at phenomena he ought to expect. Indeed were the stakes not so high, were they something less than the prosperity of the country and its position amongst the nations of the world, one could quite enjoy the farce of popular government: for no matter what your views may be, no honest man who has taken practical part in an election campaign will deny that popular government is more or less a farce, inclining sometimes to extravaganzas, sometimes to vulgar melodrama. If the assumption underlying all popular government were true, and every voter were able to form a competent judgment on the questions submitted to him, and had the desire to do it, at one stroke more than half of the paraphernalia of every election campaign would be superseded. Most of the things every candidate does or has done for him are based on the opposite assumption, which is the true one, that most of the electors have not the capacity to form a political opinion for themselves and still fewer desire to do anything of the kind. This is the justification of a "campaign" at all: for without a campaign there would be virtually no voting, and popular government would be reduced to its naked absurdity. If we want popular government to work, or even to appear to work, we must have election campaigns; though this very fact would make it difficult to take them seriously, were it not for the seriousness of the stakes played for. As it is, one cannot enjoy the farcical elements in the performance for thinking of the tragedy in which it is always possible the farce may end. If a man handed over his business to a company of clowns to carry on, he might be amused at their antics and blunders, but he would probably be too nervous of the effect on his fortunes to enjoy the performance thoroughly.

A Liberal majority was a virtual certainty, for no one supposed that the fiscal reform movement could by this time have become a counter-force strong enough to stem the natural tide: that it has acted as a counter-force to a certain extent we fully believe. There is no evidence that the Unionist party has lost even from an electioneering point of view by taking up fiscal reform, though there is much ground for the inference that a complete policy of fiscal reform, though it include a tax on corn, can be more easily commended to the masses than more tentative proposals. Of all political groups the "Free Fooders" have come off worst: in fact Unionist free traders have made no show at all. One of them is returned as a Protestant; another by

the votes of tariff reformers, who did not wish to split the vote by putting another candidate in the field. It would have been well to take the same course at Greenwich, though it must be admitted that Lord Hugh Cecil's truculent and vindictive attitude to tariff reformers, his doubtful acceptance of Mr. Balfour's position that duties may be imposed not for revenue purposes, and his total disregard during the election of all questions affecting the Church and education, greatly qualify the sympathy one might have with him in his discomfiture. Still we should be extremely sorry to think he would not sit again on some side of the House before very long. But the Greenwich election, and much more strikingly the Durham election, where Mr. Elliott had the whole Radical vote, are very strong evidence that fiscal reform occupies the mind of the Unionist party. We have discussed the matter with many Unionist candidates and we do not find any disposition to ascribe defeat to their adoption of fiscal reform. We do not believe that we have lost by the opposition to fiscal change of the "innate conservatism of the English people", which the Radicals with their usual lack of humour are seriously claiming as an asset in their favour. They are ridiculously anxious to put on the cast-off mantle of a stupid party, or a party which they called stupid precisely because it was conservative.

There would really be nothing more to say about the result of the elections did the natural causes we have described account for all that has happened. But they do not. They would account for a normal majority, and rather more, but this flooding of one party can only be explained on much more sinister grounds. Unfortunately the Liberals have turned to their account devices every respectable party should disdain; and their leaders have been content to reap the advantages of methods they would be ashamed, or at any rate afraid, openly to adopt. Liberal electioneers and Liberal candidates have shrunk from no misrepresentation of their opponents' views, no perversion of actual fact, that could possibly prejudice a voter against the Unionist party. We are speaking now of what by courtesy may be called political devices: other Liberal methods, at Manchester for instance, were not political. They have allowed their workers to exaggerate half-truths till they became grotesque untruths; they have kept from the people points in their policy absolutely essential to the formation of a fair judgment upon it. They are different things to different people, according to the wishes of those whose votes they are catering for. To the Irish Nationalists they are Home Rulers; to the English electorate, especially to nonconformists, they are no longer Home Rulers, but free traders only. The very men who a few years since assured us solemnly that Home Rule was necessary to save Ireland and to keep the empire together now begin almost to curse and to swear if one dares to speak of Home Rule. They do not know such a policy. The Prime Minister at one time seemed an honourable exception, for his speeches had left no doubt that he was a Home Ruler and meant to do all he could to advance Home Rule. But the omission of all reference to Ireland in his address showed that he had repented of his straightforwardness. Is it not an honest party that is winning thousands of votes on the distinction between introducing a Home Rule Bill and carrying measures which are to lead to Home Rule? That is the distinction to which they trust in declaring that they are not Home Rulers and that Home Rule is not before the country. They are fond of telling us that Home Rule is a bogey; they will be frightened of it enough when it appears to them in the House of Commons. The ghosts of many murdered truths are waiting for them already.

They have not hesitated to say that if a Unionist Government were returned, bread would immediately become dear. We believe we could give instances where it has been said that the price of bread would be doubled, and that every requisite in a household would suddenly bound up in price. There is not a Liberal candidate who does not know that these statements are untrue; exaggerations of what even from the Liberal point of view are only hypotheses, at most probable, are stated as absolute facts. That is a form

of lying. It is playing on the inability of uneducated simple folk to distinguish between an hypothesis and a fact.

Worse still, they have not hesitated to describe as "slavery" labour which they know has not one of the essential elements of slavery. Some of the Liberal leaders, such as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane, have been careful in their speeches not to commit themselves, as has the Prime Minister, to a description of Chinese labour as "servile" or as "slavery"; they have tried to bring their account of the matter into some relation to truth. Their consciences would not allow them to say what was false, but unfortunately their consciences did not deter them from reaping the advantage of other people saying it for them. We have never seen or heard that Sir Edward Grey or any other Liberal leader has taken one single step to restrain a single Liberal speaker from calling Chinese labour in South Africa slavery or from exhibiting bills picturing these Chinese labourers working in chains. The virtue, you see, of the electioneering cry was precisely in the word "slavery": qualify the word and the virtue goes. And the Government propose to allow the Transvaal to settle for itself whether it shall practise slavery or not. A British colony to be free to keep slaves if it likes! That is the best comment on their belief in the charge of slavery on which they have won the election. The truth is these gentlemen, famished for office, do not know what they have swallowed. They have their day now: let them yelp.

LIBERALS AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

WE should suppose one Mr. Burns was enough to disturb the capitalists, the individualists, and the Whigs of the Liberal party; but John Burns multiplied by at least thirty-four with over three hundred and seventy-two thousand of extremists in the constituencies is bound to be a nightmare of a very appalling kind. They come on the Liberal party as the Irish Nationalists did after the extension of the franchise which put an end to the sentimental relations existing between certain Liberals and the Home Rulers under the leadership of Isaac Butt. The labour representatives now being sent to Parliament are as different from the older labour groups as the followers of Parnell were from those of the older leader. It has been possible for orthodox Liberalism hitherto to keep under Mr. Burns or Mr. Keir Hardie because the individual and isolated influence of either in Parliament could not be great, neither was able to make himself too troublesome for tolerance; but now Mr. Burns' and Mr. Keir Hardie's comparative isolation is at an end. Very soon they will be members of a numerous group as lively as themselves, and ancient Liberalism will begin to have a bad time. It may be deferred for a little whilst Mr. Bell and Mr. Keir Hardie and probably several other of the labour members are struggling with each other for the leadership of the new group. But it will come and Mr. Burt and Mr. Broadhurst and the other broad-cloth silk-hatted labour leaders whose great pride it was to be amongst the respectabilities of the well-to-do middle classes will have to retire into the background.

One great difficulty of the new group will be about its leader; there does not seem to be any man amongst them of acknowledged supremacy. They have no man of the ability and authority of Mr. Parnell to whom they will submit; and this is especially disadvantageous to them because notoriously they are consumed with jealousies and rivalries of each other. As there are no social differences amongst them, and their education is in the nature of the case below even that of the ordinary member of the House of Commons, their difficulties of agreeing upon leadership are increased. Mr. Burns will probably assume that by virtue of his position they will acknowledge his primacy. As a member of the Cabinet he would doubtless like to lead them with a gentle hand into the silent land of the ministry; but the most certain thing about the new labour party is that its main purpose is to take a line independent of party. In this respect it seems to

have as its model the Irish Nationalist party and the French socialists who denounced M. Jaurès and his colleagues for taking office in a French Government; as the labour members and a good many of their constituents outside Battersea have denounced Mr. Burns for entering an English Government. They have accused him of being a "traitor" and he has responded with the plump assertion that they were lying. Then they are not an homogeneous group with a distinct object as are the Irish Nationalists or the German or even French socialists, and this adds considerably to their difficulties. Some of them are socialists; others are only advanced Radicals. No one who has come forward as a parliamentary candidate with a specific socialist programme has been returned, not even Mr. Hyndman who opposed a labour candidate at Burnley and polled nearly five thousand votes: only a few hundreds below his labour opponent. The labour members have preached a good deal of socialism; but the bulk of the people still shy at the name.

There will now however be an immensely greater number of opportunist socialists in the House of Commons than there has ever been before; but it is trade unionism and not pure socialism which has brought them there. It is the Taff Vale Railway decision, which gave such a staggering blow to trade unionism; and the return of a large body of labour and trade-unionist representatives is the answer of the great working-class constituencies to this decision. Liberal employers and capitalists partook in the rejoicings over this decision equally with Conservative employers and capitalists, but it is upon Liberals that the chief blow will fall. They will find that their position has been made intolerable by the power which labour will exercise in Parliament. Let them contrast the guarded language with which members of the Government, Mr. Asquith for example, spoke of an alteration of the trade-union law before the dissolution with that which they used when the elections were in full swing, and they could better gauge the possible strength of the labour vote. Previously they were very doubtful whether it would be possible to restore to the trade-unions their immunity from being sued. Afterwards Mr. Asquith announced that a Bill would be prepared which would restore the trade unions to the position they held before the Taff Vale Railway decision. Thirty-four labour members have now taken the places of that number of Liberals of the ordinary type and they add their forces to the Radical left of the Liberal party to accomplish this purpose. What will be the position of the moderate Liberals of the labour-employing class? They may be free traders, and they may condemn the extravagances of a Conservative Government and object to a high income-tax; they may be against relief to agricultural rating, or dally with the projects of abolishing the House of Lords or disestablishing the Church in England, Scotland, or Wales; but will they stand by and see trade unionism restored to its former irresponsibility, and countenance the programme of the opportunist socialism of the Liberal party? Their Liberal virtues we think will not stand the test, and we should not be surprised to find a secession in the Liberal party taking place very soon similar to the secession which followed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule projects. The trade unionists have been driven into extremes of which there were few signs before the Taff Vale decision. The rank and file of them were ardently attached to trade unionism, but they were not so inclined towards socialistic legislation as their leaders. When trade unionism received its great shock they rallied to its defence, and they have chosen representatives who represent more than trade unionism. Avowed socialists may jeer, as many of them do, at trade unionism "pure and simple", and deride it as an ally of capitalism; but it is not so "pure and simple" that when it has been driven with its back to the wall its practical socialism may not prove more alarming than the theories of the avowed socialists. From another point of view it was unfortunate that the bitterness of the trade unions should exist at the time when tariff reform came up for consideration. Much surprise has been expressed that trade unionists are free traders, and much argument has been employed towards their

conversion; but fiscal reform will really not have a fair trial amongst them so long as the trade-union question remains open. If the Liberals close it, they will in all probability deal a heavier blow at free trade than any it has yet received.

ENGLAND AT THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE.

THOUGH it cannot be said that the Conference at Algeciras begins at a fortunate time, it would have had a much less promising beginning if it had assembled a few short weeks ago. For then the newspaper press of this country was still preaching that the Morocco question was a mere device of German animosity to England, its real purpose being the disruption of an Anglo-French entente designed to check the aggressive expansion of Germany. The entente might, of course, have had that design quite wisely and legitimately as an Anglo-French expedient—might, indeed, have had a ruder intention without overpassing the known and never idle rights of nations in need of security or in fear of trespass. But they are no privileges, these rights. The right of Germany to break the entente, even by menace hurtful to the pride of France and fatal to the official life of a French minister, was as lawful as the entente itself; for the rest, all depended upon the wisdom of the menace as a stroke of German policy. If it was a mistake, so much the worse for the Germans; if not, so much the better for Germany; while as for England and France, they might properly be glad in the one case or sorry in the other, but in no case could they complain without quarrelling foolishly and hypocritically with the rules of the game. This is no news, of course, to any well-instructed Briton, and there are few men in these islands, however ill informed, who do not find the root of the matter in their own minds. Yet they were assured by their political instructors for months together that the German attempt to destroy the entente was not only oppugnant and to be withstood accordingly, but sinister in every sense, and such as no Englishman should be able to endure without all kinds of indignation. Worse teaching could hardly be pressed upon a democracy, and it was in this particular application dangerous as well as demoralising. War was more than hinted at as the natural consequence of so gross an insult to France, and the thought of it in that country was encouraged by assurances that national sympathy and the sacred obligations of the entente would bring England to her side at once if the wrath of righteousness should prevail on that side of the Channel as on this. What did prevail on the other side of the Channel was better sense and a more creditable expression of sensibility; while here with us incitement to anger was still maintained till the election fury banished all competition.

This we should be thankful for. Even now the word "war" is still heard, and recommendations to hold a strong fleet in readiness, even to put it in evidence, may still be met with; but attention to the matter being withdrawn for a while returns to it cooled and unlikely to be re-inflamed. Indeed there was always more passion in the teachers than the taught; and now that the country thinks of it, the German Government is understood to have more to say for itself in this wild world of ever-contending nations than was allowed to appear. With every right to take action (of course at its own risk) against the Anglo-French Agreement, the German Government at any rate was in no haste to do so. The all but complete retirement of British influence in Morocco in favour of France, the endowment of that Power, by as much as England could endow it, with the best-known and most effective means of taking command in the Sultan's extremely covetable territory, came under consideration in Berlin in the spring of 1904. And even at that time it was no unreasonable speculation that since by the Agreement it "appertained" to France to preserve order in Morocco, "and to provide assistance for the purpose of all administrative, financial, and military reforms which it may require", the greater the accumulation of disorder the more boldly could France step in to take over the management of affairs. We do not say that this consideration determined the conduct of the

French Government, which may have been deterred by other and better reasons from entering at once upon the use of its privileges; but for many months Morocco did present a spectacle of disorder more and more disquieting because increasingly hopeless. It was not till the beginning of 1905, when the French Minister at the Moorish Court presented to the Sultan a sweeping scheme of reforms, that the German Government interposed; and it cannot be denied that, judged by the common estimate and practice of diplomacy, the actual interests of that Government in Morocco sufficiently justified the Kaiser's intervention. Those interests may not have amounted to much commercially, but the expectation of more counts for something where that expectation is reasonably entertained. But in this case much higher considerations had a reasonable existence. Inasmuch as the isolation of Germany was aimed at by the Anglo-French Agreement—*isolation meaning reduction to impotence*—it became a serious matter at Berlin at once; and while M. Delcassé could not deny that he had that intention, there was a time when the best-regulated journalism in this country accepted and announced it as a well-accomplished design.

That was a time of delirium. In the cooler hours of to-day even those who are most convinced of the hostility of the German Government against England are able to take account of what that Government may consider its necessities, its provocations, its rights of competition, even its rights of conquest and aggrandisement. In this more rational spirit—which being more rational is therefore better armed—we attend the Algéciras Conference. We take there the consciousness of some new facts, and a clearer perception, it may be hoped, of some others. Of the new facts the most important is that Russia is not wiped out of the European system. Belief in its effacement has exploded, not that Government itself. It exists, and weakened as it is and must long remain, it is not incapable of playing an effective part where and as it did before an enlightening though disastrous war led to a rebellious outbreak of similar character. At the same time, and partly on this very account, we perceive more clearly that international ententes are not by their nature immutable, eternal, though they may serve a good purpose long and come at last to no violent end. And the Conference having actually begun, another thing, we fancy, is finding its way into many minds hitherto closed against it as a too unpleasant possibility; and that is a most politic German sympathy with wronged Mahommedan populations at a time when they are seeking a means of relief by more active co-operation. By how much this policy has worked elsewhere there is no distinct evidence before the British public. But that it has worked in Morocco already is certain, and it may possibly work to greater effect yet. And another thing we may hope is coming into view, and will have full and free acknowledgment before the Conference has carried its proceedings far. The Anglo-French Agreement is one-sided to a degree that is only intelligible on the supposition that when it was made the British Government was oppressed by some weighty fear. What that fear was is not beyond surmise, but as yet at any rate it has never stalked abroad in public, while the Agreement, which is substantial, retains all the appearance of a distinctly bad bargain. The Mediterranean map, the fact that England exists only as a maritime Power, comparison of what is given up in Morocco with the benevolence promised at this time of day in Egypt, and the notorious mortality of ententes however cordial at birth, surround the Anglo-French Agreement with wonder. However, there it is, and some day, perhaps, it will be explained—even explained satisfactorily. Meanwhile it must be faithfully carried out of course. But when the "open door" arrangements come on for discussion—and it is already agreed, apparently, that they shall be settled upon the strictest and yet the broadest principles of equality, liberality and fraternity—we may hope to escape the special limitation of our trade privileges in Morocco to a period of thirty years.

THE CITY.

THE sight of Sir Edward Clarke standing bare-headed in an open landau and making a speech in Throgmorton Street has been the most interesting event of the past week. For the excitement of the elections has rather drawn men's minds away from the Stock market, and there has been very little business doing. After the publication of the Elgin and Selborne despatches Kaffirs had quite a boomlet, the idea being that the new Government could and would do nothing. But the bitterness of feeling about Chinese labour at the elections has been so marked, and the Government majority is so enormous, that speculators and investors are getting uneasy again, and are once more beginning to ask themselves whether they are quite safe from Orders in Council, or other measures of that kind. Kaffir shares have consequently relapsed. Our belief is that the Government can and will do nothing about Chinese labour. But it may take three or four weeks to make this clear; and in the meantime there will be flaming speeches from the new members in the debate on the Address about Chinese slavery, which may further depress the shares. Whenever there is anything like a fall in South Africans it will be good business to give money for long options for the call, because the industry is rapidly improving, and steadily increasing returns from the mines must tell on prices. But only mines which are paying or earning dividends should be dealt in, as by this time the public are tired of "prospects", and are coming to look at Kaffirs as they look at Australian and Indian mines.

Considering that the acute stringency of money in New York has passed away, it is rather surprising that the effect on the market for American rails has not been more emphatic. The truth we take to be that when the monetary situation was really dangerous the big interests bought and held stocks to prevent a collapse. Now that the loan market is normally easy, these big people sell to the public. This at least seems the most rational explanation of the fact that for the last two or three days Wall Street has opened strong and closed at a slight decline. We see nothing alarming in this process, though it is generally spoken of by the financial editors—perhaps the most silly class of wisacres that consume paper—as "unloading". After all the big financiers cannot hold these enormous blocks of shares indefinitely. They bought them to sell to the investing public, just as a shopkeeper buys "spring goods" to sell to a dressing public. If there is no public to buy, there will be a slump, and the financiers will lose money, just as shopkeepers lose when nobody will buy their wares. But we see no signs of anything of the kind in America. On the contrary we see every evidence of a prosperous nation investing its earnings in its own railways, its only field, be it remembered, for investment. Steel stocks have been very firm, the Preferred rising from 110½ to 113, and the Common having been at 46¾. It must be admitted that Unions and Canadas are well held, as they have stuck gallantly at 161 and 180, despite of attempts to dislodge them. We still think that Chesapeake at 59 are a good purchase, as they are on their earnings worth at least 70. Readings are obviously being worked by a pool, but a manipulated stock is always dangerous, unless one happens to know the figure at which the pool will stand from under.

The shares of the Peruvian Corporation have been very much in evidence, the Ordinary, which a month ago could have been bought for 12, now standing at 17, and the Preference, which fell to 42, now being 52. All this rise is in consequence of the high-fliers of finance, such as Messrs. Speyer and Cassel, having resolved to take Peru in hand. That anything definite is settled with regard to the Corporation's affairs we much doubt. But South American governments are the fashion for the moment. In consequence of the smart rise in silver to which we drew attention last week, all South American bonds have risen considerably in the past year. Brazilian Four and a Half has risen from 83 to 94, Western of Minas from 93 to 101, Chilians from 93 to 100, Colombians from 24 to 51, Guatemalas from 24 to 40, Paraguays from 37

to 50, and Venezuelas from 42 to 54. This is certainly a great appreciation for Government securities. Buenos Ayres Cédulas have fallen from 26 to 24, and then risen to 25. As it seems to be a question of 3½ or 5, they are surely too low, as on the former basis they are worth 30. Although the Russian situation improves daily yet Spassky Coppers have receded, and those who took the tip to buy Lloyd's Copper at 10s. are repenting at leisure. However, if the deal for the new property does come off, these shares would rise from 5s. to 30s. very easily. From the ruin of the Conservative party Consols seem to be slowly rising to better things, which is certainly rather a paradoxical comment on the party of "law and order", now being swept into the dustbin of history.

INSURANCE: GUARANTEE POLICIES.

WHILE all insurance policies are guarantees in the sense that they guarantee payments in certain contingencies, there is an extensive branch of the insurance business to which the term is more particularly applied. The ordinary forms of fidelity guarantee are well known, but the advantages of the system are not recognised so fully as they ought to be. Every public company and every business firm know that for a very small annual outlay the loss caused by the dishonesty of the employés will be made good by an insurance company. It is easy to understand an employer hesitating to have the fidelity of an old servant guaranteed, but it is a mistaken notion that this implies any lack of confidence, and if it were more generally recognised that any servant through whose hands money passes should be guaranteed in this way as a matter of course, no such idea of lack of confidence would occur on either side. When accountants and others are appointed official receivers a guarantee policy is always provided, as it is in Government departments where lack of fidelity would involve financial loss.

It is particularly desirable that a fidelity guarantee policy should be taken in all cases for the treasurers of voluntary associations, such as slate clubs and the like. Defalcations by such officials are frequently reported, and in many instances the losses to members are of a serious nature. The existence of these policies not only makes good any loss that occurs through dishonesty, but in a very definite way tends to prevent fraud. It is perfectly well known that a guarantee company will not err on the side of leniency in the treatment of any offender and that the chance of a fault being overlooked, which might be the case with an employer or a voluntary association, vanishes when an insurance company issues the guarantee. A further advantage of such policies is that the companies make inquiries before issuing any important policies, and since their means of obtaining information are more than usually effective, an employer whose servants are guaranteed feels an added confidence in his staff.

The rates of premium charged for guarantees vary very considerably and have to be determined by the circumstances of each case. Official receivers under the Bankruptcy Act can be guaranteed for 5s. per cent. per annum, bank and railway clerks for 10s., the secretaries of building societies for 20s. to 30s., and commercial travellers for about 30s. The lowness of these rates suggests on the one hand that the risk which is covered is not great and on the other that when the cost is so little it is foolish to abstain from the protection afforded. Many of the guarantee companies publish specimens of the claims paid, and examples of defalcations are constantly occurring in the criminal courts, both of which point to the benefits of guarantees. There are various less familiar extensions of this principle. A few years back, when several prominent solicitors were convicted of fraud, one of the insurance companies brought out a scheme for guaranteeing the honest management of estates. These were to be conducted by the person's own solicitors, but the company was to be allowed periodical inspection of the accounts and the securities. It was extensively advertised and favourably commented on in the press, but so great was the reluctance of people to seem to distrust their solicitors that we believe the company did not issue a single policy of this kind.

Closely allied to the protection thus offered is the system which is now being adopted by many insurance companies of acting as trustees. In most such cases the family solicitor is employed, but the insurance company is responsible. It is quite appropriate that individuals should be relieved of such thankless tasks as acting as trustees or giving personal guarantees of someone else's fidelity. In some cases a personal guarantee is necessary, in which case the guarantor would be well advised to secure himself against loss by taking out a policy with an insurance company.

It used to be thought that if a man insured his life he imagined he was going to die in the immediate future. Few traces of such a foolish idea remain, but in connexion with fidelity guarantee a somewhat similar state of mind is frequently met with. There are many people who would greatly benefit by the guarantee policies which are available if they would only rid themselves of foolish ideas in regard to it.

THE ELECTION.

(With apologies to the Dean.)

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour
(If Ministers) when to relinquish power;
When change impends, the novelist gives o'er
His fiction, and pursues his tale no more.
Returning home, you find your table packed
With flrid promise and statistic tract.
If you be wise, then go not forth to dine
Political discussion sours the wine.
Coming elections man's worst points presage.
Old grudges throb, old disappointments rage.
Sauntering in clubs, the dull indifferentist
Damns party politics and pleads for whist.

Ah! where must peaceful Poet seek for aid
When Bigots to both sides his vote persuade,
His vote, debated and delayed so long,
He's doubtful which is right and which is wrong.

Now in contiguous writs the flood comes down,
County division, city, market-town.
To slums unknown the eager females fly
Presume to beg the vote they may not buy;
With tucked-up skirts o'er dubious pavement glide
Diffusing scent and flattery of their side.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Desponding Tory and triumphant Rad
Forget their manners and go Party-mad.
Boxed in the chair the luckless chairman sits
While shouts run clattering through the roof by fits;
His stage, of hastily compacted wood,
Rocks to the throng. He trusts the eggs are good.

Now rush the ballot-boxes to and fro
Protected by policemen as they go.
Members of all opinions join to tell
What seat they fought, and why they fought so well.
They as the torrent drives with rapid force
From county and from borough take their course.
And by constituents sent from Heaven knows where,
They form a Parliament at Westminster.
Cocoa and Cant, Purse-pride and Labour loud,
Red rebel, Passive of endurance proud,
And Tag and Rag and Bobtail swell the motley
crowd.

14 January, 1906.

CECIL S. KENT.

MOLIÈRE.

LES deux ouvrages* importants qui viennent de paraître à Londres, réjouiront le grand nombre de littérateurs français qui sont, plus ou moins, attachés à la "religion de Molière".

Car il y a en France une religion de ce genre et de ce nom, dont les fidèles s'appellent "Moliéristes". Là, beaucoup d'entre eux fournissent, sous forme d'écrits divers, leur contribution au culte qu'ils ont adopté. Depuis vingt ans surtout, une invraisemblable quantité de volumes a été consacrée, non pas seulement aux œuvres, mais à la personnalité de Molière, à ses aventures et aux aventures de ses pièces, à son rôle public et à sa vie privée. Beaucoup d'auteurs se sont donné le but de commenter et de répandre la pensée de Molière, considérée comme une doctrine morale et même comme la seule doctrine morale. Celle-ci, débordant du théâtre, a pris place dans la pédagogie. Les disciples les plus zélés ont la garde d'objets qui ont appartenu au grand écrivain et qui sont devenus des reliques.

Malgré leur vive admiration pour Molière, MM. Mantzius et Trollope ne sont pas tombés dans cet excès. M. Mantzius, d'ailleurs, y était d'autant moins exposé qu'il étudie surtout Molière au point de vue de l'histoire du théâtre. Sous le titre "A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times", il poursuit un travail considérable, qui a déjà produit trois volumes de belle dimension. Le quatrième, rempli tout entier par Molière et son temps, est très riche en observations intéressantes et en détails curieux, dont la valeur souvent s'augmente par la reproduction de tableaux, de portraits, de gravures. Bien composé, varié, complet, il reconstitue le cadre où Molière gagna la prodigieuse célébrité qui devait se soutenir jusqu'à nous et qui promet de durer longtemps encore. Au 17^e siècle, en France, l'aristocratie, la cour, les écrivains et les amateurs de littérature formaient le seul public qui pût recevoir les leçons de la scène. Le théâtre de Molière traduit les sentiments, les idées, les mœurs, les manières en vogue dans cette société si raffinée et, naturellement, très influente: il appartient donc à l'histoire. Dans l'ouvrage de M. Mantzius, on voit nettement l'action qu'il a exercée; on distingue aussi le caractère propre à chacune des œuvres principales, dont plusieurs ont conservé tout leur prestige d'autrefois; telles, par exemple, le "Tartufe", le "Misanthrope", le "Bourgeois gentilhomme" et aussi les "Précieuses ridicules" et le "Dépit amoureux". En effet, sans rien connaître de l'époque où vivaient ces Seigneurs, ces dames et ces laquais, la foule démocratique les regarde et les écoute avec autant de plaisir qu'en éprouvent les spectateurs lettrés.

M. Henry M. Trollope s'est, bien lui aussi, occupé du milieu dans lequel apparurent d'abord les pièces de Molière et dans lequel elles conquièrent la réputation qui devait se prolonger si loin; mais, de plus, il les a en elles-mêmes très attentivement étudiées, ainsi que la physionomie de l'auteur: biographie, tempérament, style (vers ou prose), instinct dramatique, procédés comiques, enfin, sentiment et pensée qui caractérisent ce théâtre, il n'a rien négligé, sans abuser de rien. Ayant examiné, pour ainsi dire, tout ce qui en France a été publié d'important sur Molière, M. Trollope a su, parmi tant de commentaires et tant d'analyses, faire un choix judicieux. C'était une tâche difficile. Il l'a exécutée avec succès, au prix d'un gros labeur et grâce à une méthode réglée par le bon sens, par la sincérité et par la finesse. L'ouvrage, très complet, a encore le mérite d'être très bien ordonné, donc parfaitement clair et d'un intérêt soutenu.

Les lecteurs français y satisferont une assez vive curiosité. C'est, en effet, un attrait original de rechercher quelle modification d'aspect a pu subir un auteur transporté hors de son pays natal. Parfois le changement est tout-à-fait inattendu. A cet égard, on a constaté d'incroyables aberrations. Ainsi, vers 1850, des critiques allemands prenaient pour le plus grand écrivain français contemporain le conteur grivois

Paul de Kock! Lui-même aurait bien ri de recevoir un pareil hommage. M. Henry M. Trollope, qui connaît fort bien le vocabulaire, l'esprit et l'histoire de la langue française, ne court pas le risque de tomber dans aucune erreur grossière. Du reste, il s'est placé au point de vue des critiques français autorisés, presque officiels; et c'est pourquoi, entre autres raisons, ses jugements sur le style et sur la philosophie de Molière, sont d'accord avec l'opinion qui règne en France et à peu près partout.

Entièrement favorable au grand auteur comique, cette opinion ne pourra-t-elle pas, quelque jour, être rectifiée sur plusieurs points, lorsque la "religion de Molière" aura vieilli assez pour décliner? Car, enfin, le culte ainsi établi n'est sans doute pas éternel!

La langue de Molière est exposée à perdre de son prestige, malgré les qualités supérieures que souvent elle déploie. Assurément, certaines pensées et certaines remarques très justes ont trouvé là leur expression admirable, définitive, unique; mais au milieu de combien de tournures négligées, bizarres jusqu'à l'invraisemblance! Ce "pathos" des "Précieuses" dont il se moque avec tant de verve et de finesse, Molière en fait lui-même un usage très fréquent. Les mots d'une "frappe" supérieure, les phrases passées en proverbes ont ordinairement un long cortège de tournures entortillées, traînantes, fausses.

Ces erreurs et ces faiblesses, on ne les pardonnerait à aucun autre. D'où vient l'habitude de les excuser chez Molière? Est-ce seulement par admiration pour les traits de génie qui éclatent soudain au milieu de tant d'obscurités? Il y a une autre raison, qui se rapporte à la philosophie de l'auteur. Or, cette philosophie est pauvre, courte et vulgaire. Donc, elle a toutes les chances de plaire au public moyen, à la masse des gens dont elle flatte la paresse intellectuelle, dont elle approuve la morale facile et complaisante.

Sans doute l'auteur comique se propose seulement de récréer et de divertir; cependant, il ne se résigne pas toujours à ne point remplir de fonction un peu plus relevée. Il se flatte d'enseigner et de corriger. "Castigat ridendo mores": Molière prétendait être fidèle à la vieille devise. En réalité, autant il montre d'aisance, de force et de sûreté pour produire l'effet comique (par exemple, presque tout le long du "Bourgeois gentilhomme"), autant, d'ordinaire, il manque de spontanéité et de naturel quand il veut éveiller les nobles sentiments. Ses discours destinés à servir de règles morales sont laborieux, embarrassés, presque vides. On s'en est bien aperçu en France, il y a quinze années environ, lorsque les réformateurs de l'enseignement, pour remplacer la morale religieuse mise de côté, s'efforçaient de constituer une doctrine et lorsqu'ils essayaient de faire des emprunts à Molière. Le résultat parut vraiment trop banal. Dans ce théâtre, les personnages sympathiques n'ont guère de relief ni d'accent. Au contraire, ceux qui sont destinés à subir la raillerie prennent tout de suite leur allure et leur ampleur. Molière était doué pour railler avec une ardeur méprisante. La mélancolie et l'amertume, si fréquente chez les caricaturistes, étaient les inséparables compagnes de son génie.

Quelle serait à présent la réputation de Molière s'il n'avait pas écrit "Tartufe"? Certainement, bien inférieure à ce qu'elle est. Longtemps les voltairiens ont surtout glorifié dans le grand auteur comique l'ennemi de l'hypocrisie. Les libres-penseurs actuels continuent de lui rendre, à ce titre, un hommage enthousiaste, sans prendre soin de respecter la justice, dont Molière, d'ailleurs, ne s'est pas soucié le moins du monde. Il a voulu, dit-on, et lui-même l'a déclaré, flétrir les "faux dévots". Mais il n'a pas su donner beaucoup d'éloquence ni beaucoup d'autorité aux vrais dévots. Il aurait pu se souvenir que l'hypocrisie se rencontre sous toutes les formes; dans les milieux aussi où la religion ne joue aucun rôle. Il y a des vertus civiques très trompeuses: de faux braves et de faux philanthropes; une feinte modestie; un patriotisme simulé; une sagesse pharisaïque. Dans un livre curieux et qui jadis mécontenta vivement les disciples de Molière, ("Molière et Bourdaloue") Louis Veuillot ne craignit pas de soutenir que le "Tartufe" est rempli d'injustice et que la pièce fait peser sur tous les croyants l'odieuse dirigé en apparence contre les seuls hypocrites. On dit aujourd'hui que Molière visait les membres d'une société

* "A History of Theatrical Art, Molière and his Times, the Theatre in France in the Seventeenth Century," by Karl Mantzius, translated by Louise von Cassel (Duckworth), 10s. net; "The Life of Molière" (Constable), 16s. net, by Henry M. Trollope.

religieuse, les Pères du Saint-Sacrement, société alors influente, absolument oubliée depuis et dont la trace vient d'être retrouvée. Or, ladite association se composait d'hommes qui voulaient, en effet, mettre la politique au service de la religion. Ils étaient animés d'un zèle ardent et autoritaire : mais peut-être n'aurait-on pas compté parmi eux un seul hypocrite. Si Molière a cru vraiment ne tourner en ridicule que les vices des prêtres et directeurs, il s'est trompé encore, car les directeurs de conscience se rencontrent parmi les laïques comme dans le monde ecclésiastique. Il y a des romanciers, des pédagogues et de fiers tribuns qui s'occupent beaucoup de diriger les consciences, c'est-à-dire d'enseigner ce qui est bien et ce qui est mal. L'auteur comique, lui aussi, se donne cette mission : il prêche ; il distribue à la foule des conseils et même des préceptes. C'est le grand directeur de l'âme populaire. Molière n'a pas réfléchi que ce directeur-là pouvait, comme les autres, être exposé aux représailles de la satire.

EUGÈNE TAVERNIER.

"LES GIRONDINS" AT ROUEN.

LAST year I missed hearing "Les Girondins", a comparatively new opera by Mr. F. Le Borne, and took advantage of the first performance of the work in this town (Rouen) the other night to listen to it with care and look at it with considerable interest. Mr. Le Borne was entirely unknown to me. I had often read his name in the papers but had never heard a note of his music ; and as some spoke ill of it and many well and in any case it seems certain to make the tour of France and Belgium, it appeared only reasonable to hear what is called his masterpiece. The term masterpiece is in these days a comparative one. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner each wrote a few masterpieces and we know what is meant when they are spoken of ; they are masterworks, the greatest works of the greatest masters ; but the masterpiece of a man who is not a master means simply the best thing the man has as yet achieved. I dare say Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Benjamin Swift, Mascagni and Leon Cavallo and the rest of the speedily-to-be-forgotten have all their masterpieces : their best or least-worst attempts at masterworks. Having grasped this truth some little time after I was weaned I went to hear Mr. Le Borne's masterpiece with no extravagant expectations. On the other hand there was no reason to go disposed to condemn an opera because someone had told me it was an attempt to do something new. By all means let us have the new. Some of the old is eternally new ; but things merely written in the old style are born aged and decrepit, nothing but fatuous copies of the good old, and they are dead from the hour of their birth—if a thing can be said to be born when it has not the breath of life in it and bears as much resemblance to the real thing as one of Madame Tussaud's waxworks does to a real breathing man—a nuisance and obstruction in the path of mankind. Think of our countless imitations of the genuine oratorios ! Handel and Bach are splendid ; but what of — and — and —, to mention no others ? The new, mes amis, the new ! Better the chance of an artistic success than the dead certainty of a failure.

To the Théâtre des Arts de Rouen therefore I hied me in a cheerful spirit. The day had been a gorgeous one with a sunlight which had almost blinded one fresh from the dead, dull grey London skies ; the streams of water ran fresh and clear down the old familiar streets ; the air was bright, clean and wholesome ; the shining river ran past the quay giving a charm that only water can give to a slow-going, stodgy town of factories, a town encircled by smoking chimneys. It is a worthy old town in spite of its cathedral with a cast-iron steeple, in spite of its electric trams that cease running just before you want to get home from the theatre, in spite of its automobiles that race through the narrowest streets and spare nor man nor beast in their mad career. But there is always the river to fall back on if not into ; and from the opera-house you could throw a tenor into the river or from the river a bucket of cold water on the tenor in the opera-house. A day spent in lounging about such a town, with a

trip on the car up to blowy Bon Secours, is the finest preparation in the world for a night at the opera. Try a similar experiment in London and you will go mad and never reach the opera at all ; but here all is different. You reach there refreshed, with unjaded nerves, and a mind receptive and prepared to be attentive. The sun has shone, your eyes are cooled by the green grass and trees ; you have fancied you have smelt the sea, and, once in the theatre, you can, if you choose to be imaginative, fancy you hear the lipper of the ever bubbling and gurgling river. Thus prepared, you sit down and the curtain rises on "Les Girondins".

Phew ! what smell of the studio, the conservatoire and the green-room is this that comes across the footlights in the first five minutes ? Where are fled nature and all naturalness ? This work was not born in pure sweet air amidst waving tree-branches and within hearing of rippling waters. Heavens ! what an opera ! You don't know at first what to think of it. Surely no man ever took such exquisite artificial pains to be natural. While seeming to discard all conventions he is as conventional as any of our musical doctors ; he is so determined not to be artificial that he is artificiality its very self. He is self-conscious in the highest degree and is so set on doing what has never been done before that he paralyses his invention and deprives himself of all power of doing what no one will ever be able to do again. It is not surely thus that the immortal men wrote, with a deadly fear of the reminiscence and plagiarism hunters ever in their hearts. It is not the fact of the work being French that I object to : I object to its being bad French music—French music also, I am compelled to add, written for the market which is most profitable at present, the market created by Charpentier. The theatre, the theatre, the theatre is proclaimed all the time. And there is a difference between music which is theatrical and music which is dramatic. Wagner is dramatic ; Meyerbeer is theatrical. Mr. Le Borne has for the moment chosen his route.

I cannot possibly have any quarrel with the form in which "Les Girondins" is written. The mixture of prose and verse in which the libretto is written does not offend my ears for the simple reason that my ears cannot distinguish between them any more than my palate can distinguish between beef and mutton. French verse is a thing which for me does not exist ; its rhythm is to me no rhythm ; its rhyme no rhyme. Nor have I any reasonable cause to object to the mixture of spoken prose and prose that is sung to notes. The latter is simply like the recitative of Handel's oratorios or Mozart's operas ; the former like the talking moments of Weber's operas. In fact, we need go no further back than "Fidelio" to find a good deal of spoken dialogue accompanied by the orchestra—a sort of "cantilating", to use a term so energetically repudiated by Mr. W. B. Yeats in these columns some few years ago. Also, the most effective scene in the opera is a dialogue partly spoken and partly sung, or at least "cantilated", between Robespierre and another gentleman (whose name I forget and am too lazy to look up). There the inevitably harsh effect of the spoken word against the singing orchestra makes an effect only equalled in my experience by a corresponding scene of a much finer work, Mr. Erlanger's "Juif Polonais". It is ghastly, terrific. But a French audience had to be reckoned with, and the attempts at French melody, melody pleasing to the commonest sort of French ear, are disconcerting, hopelessly discouraging to such a common English ear as my own. If there is anything detestable to me in music it is the "eclectic" style. There is no such thing as an eclectic style in music any more than there is in poetry or in painting. Picture Mr. Swinburne trying to achieve success by writing a poem in the mingled manners of himself, Tennyson, Browning and Rossetti, or Mr. Sargent essaying to muddle up his own born manner with the manners of Whistler and Holman Hunt. The style is the skin on the stuff—when you come to think of it, it is the stuff and nothing but that. If the stuff is the man's own—and unless it is it has no value for anyone—it cannot change its skin at every fortieth or fiftieth bar. The leopard cannot change its spots for the very obvious reason that, unassisted, it cannot

change its skin; and, the composer—! what will you?

I believe Mr. Le Borne to be a musician very much in earnest; but I also see that he is going the way to the artistic abyss. He sometimes accompanies himself with fragments of appropriate music, heard by us before in the "Faust" of Berlioz. We know what became of Faust, morally, according to Berlioz; we can guess at what will happen to Mr. Le Borne, artistically, if he continues on his present path. We must all have models, but certainly there are finer ones than "Louise". Better to turn back at once than to go over the precipice amidst the clacking and croaking of all the wild fowl of the French press.

About the performance here I shall to-day say nothing. The opera will be given again to-night and then I shall pay more attention to the singers, the mounting and the other *et ceteras* than to the music. If necessary I will say something next week on the subject. But I cannot at once try to judge a work new to me and form any trustworthy opinion of the artists. And possibly, also, my opinion of the opera may be changed in some details—not in general, nor in essence—by seeing how many of Mr. Le Borne's effects have lost or gained by the artists.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE COURAGE OF ONE'S OPINIONS.

I HAVE expressed more than once my admiration for Mr. Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides. His version of the "Electra" is not less fine—is as vivid and sensitive and graceful—as his versions of "The Trojan Women" and the "Hippolytus". Last Tuesday afternoon, when it was produced at the Court Theatre, I found myself bored beyond endurance. Partly, this result was due to the extreme darkness of the stage, and to the extreme slowness with which Miss Wynne-Matthison spoke her words. Darkness of environment and slowness of utterance are supposed, nowadays, to be things owed to Melpomene. Darkness is, certainly, appropriate to tragedies in which the note is one of mystery and eerie romance. It is appropriate, for example, to the early tragedies of Maeterlinck. But romantic eeriness was not a part of the Greek spirit. Nebulous twilight is not the atmosphere in which to set the clean, clear, simple structure of Greek tragedy. Likewise, where, as in Maeterlinck's plays, the meaning of the words is vague, and the characters are groping to express through speech thoughts and emotions of which they are but dimly conscious, it is right that they should speak lingeringly, wearily. But the thoughts and emotions of the persons in Greek tragedy are quite forthright and sharp-cut, and so is the verse in which they are expressed; and one does not care to have this verse droned, droned, droned, as it is at the Court Theatre. To speak rhythmically, it is not needful to speak slowly. If only Miss Wynne-Matthison could be induced to hurry up, she would do justice to her beautifully-conceived impersonation of Electra. I do not say that she would prevent the afternoon from boring me. I think that a Greek tragedy in a modern theatre, however perfectly it be enacted, is bound to be tedious. An overt theatre, built on the Greek model, seems to me indispensable. Not otherwise than by becoming in spirit somewhat as the Greeks were, can we really enjoy a Greek play; and, without the scenic conditions by which Greek tragedy was shaped, we must fail in the effort to assimilate ourselves to a Greek audience. At Bradfield all is well. But at the Court Theatre the gods and the heroes are far from us. There is no background of legend. The characters of the play seem merely barbarous and foolish. The action of the play seems merely spun-out. The chorus, above all, are mere intruders and interrupters. If Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker intend to produce further translations by Mr. Gilbert Murray, I suggest that they should buy up Sloane Square, at present a rather dreary and meaningless stretch of ground, which could, by excavation, be made into an admirable Attic theatre. They may tell me that this would be more expensive than they could afford, and that I ought, in any circumstances, to be able to *imagine* myself in an Attic theatre. Well,

I admit the lack of imagination. But I do not admit that it is peculiar to myself. I doubt whether of the audience last Tuesday one person in twenty had the imagination necessary to enjoyment of the play. I doubt whether one person in twenty was not thoroughly bored. But I doubt whether one person in twenty confessed that he was thoroughly bored. It is my honesty, not my lack of imagination, that is peculiar. So few people have the courage of their opinions.

Not that I am proud of having the courage of mine. Indeed, I do not see where "courage" comes in. I do not understand why a man should hesitate to say, as best he can, just whatever he thinks and feels. He has nothing to fear, nowadays. No one will suggest the erection of a stake for him to be burned at. No one will be at all angry with him. Euripides, if I remember rightly, had finally to leave Athens, so hotly were his opinions resented. He, then, had been courageous in insisting on these opinions, despite all Athens, throughout his career. But nowadays, especially in England, there is no obstruction to sincerity. Are there not, on the contrary, great inducements to it? So far from being angry, people admire and respect you for your "courage". You gain a cheap reputation for a quality to which, as likely as not, you have no real claim. It is as though a soldier in battle were accounted a hero for charging up to the muzzles of guns which he knew to be unloaded. Oddly enough, the quality which enables a soldier to advance in a hail of bullets is far more common than the quality which enables him, in civilian life, to tell the truth. I should think twice before advancing under a hail of bullets. I should be eager in so far as I knew that I should be admired. I should be reluctant in so far as I expected to be dead. You, reader, think that I show moral courage in this very confession of my lack of physical courage. Yet you are not despising me for the lack: you are but honouring me for the confession. So what in the world was there to prevent me from confessing? Clear your mind of this cant of moral courage, I beg you; and, knowing that you have nothing to fear, go in for sincerity on your own account. If I have exploded the fallacy of moral courage, your friends will not, perhaps, proceed to admire your character; but you will find, for the first time in your life, that they listen to you with pleasure. "That is all very well", you say; "but what if my mind happens to be an utterly commonplace mind? What if my emotions and my opinions happen to be precisely those of the man in the street, and of the leader-writer for the morning newspaper?" Do not be afraid. No two men are alike really. If the man in the street would say what he really thinks and feels, instead of what the leader-writer has written, you would find him quite delightful. If the leader-writer would express in writing what he really thinks and feels, instead of what he supposes the man in the street to be thinking and feeling, you would find that not even he is leaden. You, too, believe me, have in you the power to be interesting. I do not say that this article is an enthralling piece of literature. But it is much better than anything else that I have read about the performance of the "Electra" at the Court Theatre. I might have written merely what the critics seem to think they are expected to write: I might have remarked on the "modernity" of Euripides' thought, and have said that the tragedy "marched" towards its appointed close "relentlessly", and that it held me and a large audience "spell-bound", and that it was "a purgation through pity and awe", and so forth and so on. How much better to admit that I was bored! Not that there is anything original in having been bored. On the contrary, as I have hinted, my admission must strike responsive chords in the great majority of the audience. But I have made my admission in my own way; and therefore it has a value of its own. Go to any other person who was in the audience, and ask him to tell you in his own way, frankly, just how and why he had been bored. If you prevail on him to do so, the result will be not less valuable. But—such is the force of custom, and so great the fear of not "doing the right thing"—he will probably tell you that he had enjoyed his afternoon very much.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE KENTISH PLOVER ON THE POLDERS.

THE best way to see something of the pretty little Kentish plover is to leave Kent, if one happens to be there, and proceed to the "polders"—or elsewhere. There—that is to say on the polders, for of elsewhere I have nothing to tell—he is for ever running about, and so swiftly that, each little leg appearing double, he looks less like a bird than a tiny, high-stepping quadruped. Taken as that, he is less in size—still less in substance, for he runs and flits more like a shadow—than a rat, even than a water-rat, being some two inches smaller and lighter than his cousin the little ringed plover (*hiaticola* I mean) whom he resembles in a sketchy, and, as it were, unfinished way. In a similar way the female of the Kentish plover resembles her mate, being somewhat less emphasised, somewhat less substantial-looking even than he. Running together over the more sandy areas of the polders, which these birds haunt by preference and with the colour of which their own harmonises, the one is as a shadow, the other "the shadow of a shade".

It is impossible, or nearly so, to see the Kentish plover in one's mind's eye, and there to see it otherwise than running. Not that it cannot do other things—it flies, for instance, as deftly, if not quite as saliently—but for once that it does any one of them, it has run so often as to stamp itself thus on the memory, and that with so deep an impression that, "without corral", there it remains. Yet the constant quick motion of this little bird-quadruped seems at first sight to be—indeed often is—aimless, and one may watch for a considerable time without seeing anything which should make the custom less "honoured in the breach than the observance". The length of the run taken is, indeed, often so great as to preclude the possibility of anything at all small having been espied from such a distance, nor is a capture either made or attempted at the end of it. At times, however, a peck is administered to something, presumably an insect, which is either thereupon, or thereafter, secured. Such chases—or the pauses between them—are not made wholly in silence, even during the daytime, the less vocal period, for this as for most other shore-haunting species, of the twenty-four hours. "Hoo-weet" or "too-weet" is what the little bird says to itself every now and again, and, as it says it, it makes the softest and most delicate little bob of a bow imaginable—the very poetry of deportment. This, as it runs, or even walks, sometimes, in a way that is almost leisurely, on the sandy margin of some little weedy dyke that gleams in a straight line, up and down, to two other straight lines that cross it at right angles, now picking off a fly from weed or sand on the one side, and anon fluttering across to the other, there to do precisely the same thing in precisely the same way, yet with all the charm in it of variety, is a thing well worth coming out of Kent—where the mission of the collector has been well-nigh fulfilled—to see the Kentish plover do. It is a pity, since birds must be collected, that their graces are not collectable. Were they so, there would be something still worth having and seeing amidst those vast stores of distreasured caskets, hoarded in museums and museum cellars, for which England, at the hands of her Philistines, has bartered, and is every day bartering, the living wealth that they contained—so true is it that only the tangible gross part of a thing can appeal to the gross majority. So much the more does it behoove those of the minority, in this department, to fill their souls, whilst yet they can do so, with such unpossessable bird-beauties as, though dwindling, may be still left them; amongst the which I give high place to such actions as I have yet mentioned—which excludes not others—of this little bird, our own if we would let it be, as also to its pretty little "hoo-weet" note, by day, and a still prettier warbling one, with a delicate little trill in it, which it utters, at intervals, during the night. If the moon is full and the sky clear, one can then sometimes see the small ghost-like figure, as it runs in its accustomed manner, within a few yards, or even feet, of one. So clear indeed is the light on such occasions that the glasses may even be used; avocets especially, owing to the predominating white of their

plumage, being easy to distinguish, and, in some degree, to observe.

One cannot for long watch the Kentish plover running about in the way described without being introduced by it to a new and very notable action, or series of actions. All at once, for no observable—and, as I am inclined to think, often without any—reason, it will puff out its feathers, droop the wings, and putting its tail between its legs, as one may say—for this, from a little distance, is the idea the action gives one—scuttle along the ground, in a very queer manner, and at a very quick pace. When it runs like this, the bird presses itself down into the sand, so that the legs, as well as the whole under-surface of the body, are invisible, and here, again, its general appearance, which is very odd, is much more that of a small brown rat, of exceptionally light colouring, an exaggerated dormouse, or some such creature, than of a bird. What is the meaning of these strange doings, and of the little flurry of excitement which the bird seems to be in whilst about them? The question is answered—though not perhaps exhaustively—should one have the good fortune to disturb or approach any young Kentish plover that may have recently left the egg. In this case the mother will often run up and act her part close before one, now however with greater histrionic power, and with enforcements of the text, here and there, which amount, almost, to a new reading. After scuttling over the sand for a little in the way already described, with her tail bent still more strongly inwards, and fanned, now, broadly out, she stops, and, falling prostrate on her breast, flaps her small wings about, struggles, and behaves generally as though she were in a distracted, or even a dying, state. Having given, to her satisfaction, this vivid portrayal of the abandon of grief, she rises, and in the same manner as before—with wings still drooped, that is to say, and tail always sweeping the ground—goes about once or twice in a semicircle, before repeating her master-stroke. If followed, however, she but flies or runs at some distance before one, in her ordinary off-the-stage manner. The comedy, therefore, is not quite so fully or intelligently gone through as are the similar ones enacted by some other birds, notably by the wild duck, who more, perhaps, than any, seems to be guided, on these occasions, by conscious intelligence and a deliberate purpose. Meantime, whilst the mother has thus been practising her little deception, the chick—so anyone would be ready to predict—has taken the hint and run away, for though sufficiently juvenile, and its parents very *Atalantas*, it can run, when so minded, almost, if not quite, as swiftly as they. No doubt this is what often happens, but it does not always, and I have myself been much struck both with the lethargy of the chick and the apparent inability of the mother to make it bestir itself. We must suppose, therefore, that natural selection has not acted with the same force upon the young and the parent bird, since in such a case as this it seems impossible to doubt, if not the object, at any rate the end to which the actions of the latter are directed. It is not always, however, that this assurance can be felt, for, as has been already implied, a performance similar to, though of a less finished character than that last described, will often be given by one of a pair of birds that have been standing, for some time before, apparently quite at their ease, undisturbed by, even if not unconscious of, the presence of any beholder—at a distance, moreover, which would seem to preclude all anxiety on this head. Nevertheless, one of the two, starting, as it were, from a dream of security, will run suddenly up to its companion, and, either at once, or after remaining beside him for a few moments, commence, as it were, a stage rehearsal. Possibly, therefore, these actions, so adapted to a special end, for the attainment of which they have almost certainly been evolved, may lend themselves also, on occasion, to the expression of a quite different set of feelings, under the control of which they might pass, in time, into a love antic, or again—which perhaps is more likely—they may have become so habitual as to be ready to break forth upon the smallest breath of an emotion, from whatever quarter it blow.

EDMUND SELOUS.

BRIDGE.

THE DISCARD (*continued*).

THERE are two entirely different systems of discarding at bridge—from weakness and from strength—and both systems apply equally to a suit declaration and to the No Trump game. The discard from weakness means that a player's first discard is always from his weakest suit, and his second discard from the other suit which he does not wish led to him, so that, by a simple process of deduction, his partner can arrive at a knowledge of his best suit.

The discard from strength is exactly the opposite. Under this system a player's first discard is always from the suit which he wishes led to him, so that the position is at once clearly defined. The system of the discard from weakness is not really a convention, or prearranged method of play, it simply resulted from the fact that a player would naturally discard cards which were of no use to him. It has obtained since the first introduction of bridge into England, and it was universally adopted among English players until some four years ago, when the American system of discarding from strength was first introduced into this country.

This system, invented by American players, is an arbitrary convention, designed, like most other conventions, to render the game easier for the unintelligent player. It is generally adopted in America, but not universally, some of the best players on the other side preferring our system of the discard from weakness. The proportion of American players who adopt the weak discard is about the same as the proportion of English players who adopt the other system at the present time.

Both systems have their advantages, and both have their disadvantages. The advantages of the strong discard over the weak one are (1) that only one discard instead of two is required to indicate a player's best suit, and (2) that the discard from the strong suit often enables a player to keep better guards in his weaker suits, which is sometimes of great importance. For instance, with such a hand as queen and two others in each of two suits, and king, queen to four or five in the third, the advocate of the weak discard is at a great disadvantage. He does not want to unguard either of his two queens, but if he discards from the third suit, he is at once giving false information to his partner. The disadvantages of the strong discard are also twofold: (1) a trick is sometimes given away by discarding a card of the strong suit, which would eventually have won a trick if retained, and (2) the suit which a player wishes led to him may be one from which he cannot discard, except at a grave disadvantage, such a suit as ace, queen, knave only, or king, queen, 10 only, with the knave behind him. In either of these cases, he, in his turn, is obliged to deceive his partner by discarding from a suit which he does not wish led.

These are the two systems, with their respective advantages and disadvantages, and the balance of profit and loss appears fairly even between them. Probably the discard from strength is the stronger weapon of defence, especially in the No Trump game, but uniformity is the great object to aim at, and as the weak suit system is the established and general custom in England, it is better for English players to abide by that rather than to complicate the game further. There are many good players in London who think that the discard from strength is the better of the two, but they do not adopt it for the above reason, and the soundest advice that can be given to beginners is to follow the prevalent custom and to discard from the suits which they do not wish led to them. The matter is really of no great importance, as we said in our last article, but so much rubbish has been written about it that it is necessary to put the merits of both systems clearly before our readers.

We strongly caution inexperienced players against attaching too much importance to their partner's discard. One sometimes hears a player say, after the hand is over, "I was obliged to lead you such and such a suit because you asked for it", when really he had a much better game of his own. Just as it is a fatal mistake to play entirely for one's own hand, so it is at times equally fatal to play entirely for one's partner's,

a happy combination of the two hands is the object to strive for. Because a partner has indicated his best suit by his discard, it does not necessarily follow that he is very strong in that suit, it only shows that that suit is the best that he has, and it may be a very weak one. The strong player will not infrequently disregard his partner's discard altogether, either when he has a better game of his own, or when he can see the saving of the game by playing differently. Much harm is often done, and many a game has been lost, by a slavish attention to a partner's discard. By all means watch his discard carefully and lead him the indicated suit if there is any doubt about what to lead, but do not run away with the idea that because your partner has discarded from two suits he is necessarily very strong in the third. The poor fellow has to discard something, however impotent his hand may be, and the utmost that he can do for you is to show you where his greatest weakness lies, but that does not presuppose great or even moderate strength elsewhere.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RETALIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gomshall, 16 January, 1906.

SIR,—The letter from "your correspondent at Piccadilly" is an admirable illustration of the assertion, based on long experience, with which I ventured to point the moral of my letter of the 6th inst., namely, that those who call themselves free traders suffer from a confusion of ideas and allow dogma to prevail over reason and common sense.

I am glad Mr. Porter has written, because it gives me an opportunity of emphasising what I know to be the most important and practical part of Mr. Balfour's fiscal reform scheme. That scheme can now be read in a nice handy volume of good print and large margins, and therefore there is no longer any excuse for those who persist in declaring that they do not know what his proposals are. That they do not understand them is another matter, ascribed modestly but erroneously by Mr. Balfour to his own want of lucidity, but really to be ascribed to that kind of blindness which afflicts those who won't see. I do not think that my letter, any more than Mr. Balfour's speeches, suffers from want of lucidity; and yet Mr. Porter cannot grasp it.

I show him how the foreign producer is practically protected in British markets, and merely suggest that this protection should be removed in order that equality of competition—the only free trade—may be restored. His letter does not deal with this scheme of very necessary defensive action in any way, but merely points out that if we had a similar excessively heavy import duty in this country he would strongly disapprove of it. Certainly; so would Mr. Balfour. When Mr. Porter has carefully read the well-printed volume to which I have referred I hope he will write to you again with more light and some reasonable desire to arrive at the truth.

Mr. Porter asks me, triumphantly, how I (he ought to say Mr. Balfour) would propose to work this defence scheme without giving "a similar artificial advantage to some producer". The answer is so evident that I really fancy Mr. Porter could, with a very small effort, hit upon it himself. When a foreign producer obtains abnormal profits at home it must be a very excessive protective duty which enables him to do so, far higher than what would suffice merely to exclude outside competition. It is only in this case that the foreigner is stimulated to excessive production and is enabled to undersell us in our own markets. It is quite practicable to put an import duty on the goods which enjoy this artificial advantage in our markets in such a way as to restore equality of competition. Where then does Mr. Porter's "similar artificial advantage" come in?

The kind of mind here illustrated is just that which has helped to bring disaster to the Unionist cause. The so-called free trader is dealing with a subject he cannot grasp, so he rushes in and blindly votes against his party.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE MARTINEAU.

ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

69 S. Philip Street, Queen's Road, Battersea, S.W.

SIR,—May I crave your indulgence to permit me to question the accuracy of the statement of your correspondent, Mr. J. I. Mann, that the invasion of aliens is limited to three hundred annually? The most reliable data of which I have knowledge and which are admittedly inadequate, are the census returns, and it is essential to keep in view when consulting an abstract from this source, that naturalised persons and the children of aliens born after arrival are classified as British subjects. It is also a marked characteristic of aliens to endeavour to conceal their nationality by Anglicising their names, which prevents these returns being by any means perfectly accurate. Considerations of space preclude the possibility of tabulating all occupations, and I will only prove the absurdity of your correspondent's figures by presenting to the readers of your erudite journal the statistics of four trades in which aliens have increased in greater ratio than the genus vernaculum.

ENGLAND AND WALES.					
Foreign.	1891.	1901.	Increase.	British.	+Increase or -decrease per cent.
Tailors, Clothiers ..	11,637 ..	19,955 ..	8,318 ..	+8'7 ..	+75'5
Waiters and others engaged in inn and hotel service (not domestic)	4,570 ..	7,746 ..	3,176 ..	-5'2 ..	+69'5
Cabinet-makers, Upholsterers, &c. ..	2,534 ..	5,405 ..	2,871 ..	+28'9 ..	+113'3
Boot, shoe, &c., makers and dealers ..	3,668 ..	5,108 ..	1,500 ..	-3'0 ..	+41'6

The suggestion that aliens do not displace native labour is therefore disproved. According to the Registrar-General's returns, aliens have increased at the average rate of 5,000 annually during the decennial period 1891-1901, and it is important to remember that the immigration is mainly inclined to congested areas. More than half the aggregate number were enumerated in London January 1901. Were an authentic record kept of their numbers and nationality, and the British-born foreigner and naturalised persons included in the returns these figures would be considerably augmented.

Your obedient servant,

H. G. HILLS.

"IDOLUM AULARUM."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The entertaining article in your last issue headed "Idolum Aularum" conveys, I think, a wrong impression. A weakness for the successful, simply by results, is common to the English with the rest of the human species. A kindness for the fallen comes to us a little more readily, perhaps, than it does to others. But it is due a deal to how they fail; the why; and the way they take it. A man who can face his fellows after defeat, and win them by his bearing, has forced his own way to our hearts, because of himself and, maybe, in spite of us. Sir Redvers Buller deserves popularity. As a general he must always fail. No braver man lives. There is nothing Sir Redvers will not do himself. But when it comes to ordering others to advance he hesitates. When he sees the men beginning to fall, it is too much for him and he sounds "Retire". Even his heliogram to Sir George White is known, by many, to have been intended as a loop-hole to Sir George to save a brother officer some of a humiliation that is less when shared. In spite of a terrible defeat he retains our sympathy. Not so other unsuccessful soldiers, and they are only too many. Our "Tommies" are no bad judges of character, and you will never hear from them one word against Sir Redvers Buller.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ERNEST POMEROY.

STENDHAL'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 17 January, 1906.

SIR,—Some time ago I made an appeal through your paper to friends of Stendhal, to whom a monument is about to be erected in France. The committee of this monument had also made arrangements with their secretary, M. Adolphe Paupe, the author of "L'histoire

des œuvres de Stendhal", to bring out a new edition of Stendhal's letters in four volumes. I am now informed by M. Adolphe Paupe that the Maison Calmann Lévy, the former publishers of this correspondence, have, for some reason or other, refused to bring out this new edition of Stendhal's letters, and are, on the contrary, preparing to republish their old edition of 1855. Arrangements have consequently been made with another firm. M. Paupe's new edition will be published shortly, and will contain 560 letters, instead of Calmann Lévy's 272, which have been as far as possible compared with the originals, and are accompanied with exact notes. This new edition, therefore, will be superior to the former one.

Yours truly,

OSCAR LEVY.

THE ADULTERATION OF THE PEERAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

White's Club, 15 January, 1906.

SIR,—Your correspondent, J. P. Owen, in his letter on the subject of the Harmsworth peerage betrays an extraordinary lack of appreciation of the relative value of facts. He defends the elevation of Sir Alfred Harmsworth to the peerage on the grounds that he is not an alien, that he is "clean-built", "clean living" and "well educated". Now, granting for the sake of argument that all this is true, which it very likely is, it equally applies to at least ten million other people in England who would nevertheless all be peculiarly ineligible and undesirable as members of the House of Lords, even if they experienced that "rapid rise to affluence" which so impresses Mr. Owen. The whole point of your admirable article on "the adulteration of the peerage" was your contention that something more than a merely inoffensive private character and a "rapid rise to affluence" is required in those on whom the nation confers signal honours. In other words, it is only by his public acts that a man's fitness to be made a peer can be judged. And what are Sir Alfred Harmsworth's public acts? They simply amount to this: that in the course of acquiring his vast fortune he has exercised and is still exercising a most degrading and pernicious effect on English journalism. The fact that the un-named gentleman who, in Mr. Owen's opinion, "is the greatest schoolmaster that this generation has seen" was once heard to ask for a copy of "Answers" does not alter the fact that "Answers" is a very silly and illiterate paper; and even admitting that it is comparatively harmless and "respectable enough for a peer to acknowledge as his own property", will Mr. Owen or anyone else contend that the same may be said of "Comic Cuts", "Funny Snips", "Home Chat", "Puck" and other of Sir Alfred's publications which are too numerous to name, and too contemptible and fatuous, even if they are nothing worse, to carry in one's memory?

The plain fact is that there is scarcely a gentleman in England who has not been dismayed and disheartened by the conferring of this peerage under a Conservative Government, and it will require something more convincing than Mr. Owen and his "Answers"-reading schoolmaster to make them change their opinions.

I enclose my card and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

YOUNGER SON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent J. P. Owen takes up the cudgels in defence of Sir Alfred Harmsworth's peerage, and tells us that the noble proprietor of the "Daily Mail" &c. &c. is "a clean-built, clean-living, well-educated, and enterprising young Englishman of gentle blood and breeding" &c. I know nothing of Lord Northcliffe's personal appearance and habits, but I am willing to take it from Mr. Owen that both are irreproachable. As to his education, if it was obtained at the place presided over by "the great schoolmaster" who goes to bed with "Answers", I should not be surprised. That he is an Englishman I gladly admit is a great deal in days when the children of the Frankfort Ghetto are motioned to the red benches of the British House of Lords. That he is enterprising is beyond the shade of a shadow of doubt. But that his

lordship is of gentle blood and breeding, I crave leave to doubt, for I judge a man's breeding, not by his pedigree—I have examined too many for that—but by his words and deeds. Has Mr. Owen forgotten the account of the massacre of the European residents in Pekin, which appeared in the "Daily Mail"? That narrative threw thousands of worthy people into an agony of grief for the supposed loss of relatives and friends, and nearly committed the nation to the incomparable bêtise of a memorial service at St. Paul's. At the eleventh hour it was discovered that the narrative of the massacre was an invention, fabricated by an audacious correspondent, accepted without due inquiry, and printed for the paltry purpose of selling the "Daily Mail". Does Mr. Owen remember the conduct of the "Daily Mail" about the Fiscal controversy? When Mr. Chamberlain first started his protectionist campaign, the "Daily Mail", then intriguing with Lord Rosebery, was furiously opposed to it, and published flaming articles about "the stomach tax". Discovering by a canvass that a certain section of the constituencies were in favour of protection, and having failed to bring Lord Rosebery to make up his mind, the "Daily Mail" wheeled round and became violently protectionist. I leave it to the judgment of your readers whether a man, whose "rapid rise to affluence" is due to this kind of journalism, is worthy to take his seat amongst the peers of Great Britain.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PLEBEIUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, January 16, 1906.

SIR,—No one but Mr. Balfour and those in his confidence know why certain persons have recently been by him promoted to the House of Lords. But the reasons generally assigned are so universally accepted that it may almost be considered an open secret. What those reasons are, any who have not heard them may easily find out by introducing the subject into conversation with some of their Conservative acquaintances. It might be injudicious to state them in print.

But in regard to one of these recent additions to the Upper House, the fact remains indisputable that the man chiefly responsible for the introduction into England of one of the greatest curses of the age—American yellow journalism—has, in his peerage, received from the leader of the Conservative party the highest mark of approval which it is in the power of that party to bestow. That Sir Alfred Harmsworth should become Lord (I do not know whether he has chosen his title: let us say) "Dyly Myle", while the Editor of the "Times" remains Mr. Arthur Walter (sic), is a reductio ad absurdum, the silent eloquence of which could not be surpassed.

By the better class of Conservatives this is most strongly condemned and bitterly resented. I do not suppose that it cost Mr. Balfour half-a-dozen votes last Saturday—possibly not even a single one. But many, who feel the blow of Saturday's pollings as a personal as well as a national calamity, bear the defeat of their leader with comparative equanimity, even though they yield to none in warm admiration of the excellent tone and temper of the speech with which he received its announcement.

Mr. Balfour's judgment of men, shown alike in the selection of those who formed his Government and in his recent distribution of honours, has been widely condemned by the party he leads. The former produced apathy, the latter disgust among many of his followers, who have come to the conclusion that, great as he may be as a Parliamentary tactician in the House of Commons, he is emphatically not a success as a party leader before the country.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

[It is strange that the writer of this letter, who is in a position to obtain better information, should charge the Harmsworth peerage wholly to Mr. Balfour. There are some things in which even a Prime Minister is not supreme nor any politician. We are surprised to hear that Mr. Arthur Walter "remains" editor of the "Times". We had thought Mr. Buckle edited that paper.—Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE MOORS AND THEIR LAND.

"Life in Morocco and Glimpses Beyond." By Budgett Meakin. London: Chatto and Windus. 1905. 12s. 6d. net.

HERE is always interest in a book written with knowledge. It is always pleasant to come upon a traveller who is neither a joker, omniscient, hide-bound in prejudice, obsessed with theories of empire, or worse still full of cheap philosophy. Perhaps the last failing has almost superseded the joking and the empire-building, which have so long made most books on foreign lands as dull and as unprofitable as fashionable novels. The author loves his subject; he knows it, and though he has already written three weighty tomes upon Morocco, he yet finds much unknown to the unswinked tourist, with which to delight. Perhaps this is the best of his works upon the Moors and their land. If he were only a little careful about words, he might yet produce a really fine work; but, throughout the book, journalese is veinless and shameless, though in reproducing the sayings of the people he often reveals that he appreciates their grave and sententious style. No literature in the world has ever been so strangely indifferent to form as has our own during the past thirty years. The very faculty of appreciation of style seems to have disappeared.

Novel after novel is issued, printed by some one or other, ordered at Mudie's and the chief libraries, and in scarcely one of ten thousand is there a single distinctive literary trait. Occasionally a much be-adjectived description of a sunset, or a mountain range, makes one loathe every sunset, every hill, all adjectives, and all those opalescent, sheeny, eerie, topaz-coloured, tints and hues, and all those fleecy clouds, and deep encircling mists, which in our literature render all scenery alike. From these the writer is quite free, and sets forth all he knows quite simply, for which may Sidi Abdel-Kader el Jilani prosper and stay him on his path. Being compounded of so many samples and extracted from so many and such differing sources as "The Forum", "The Modern Church", "Medical Missionary", and the "Westminster Gazette", each chapter really is a book. But in each several book there is a most nutritious kernel, which makes it interesting, not only to the general public, but for the more exclusive and particular esoteric public, which itself knows and travels in the land. This is unusual, and at once (in such a book) raises the writer to a certain eminence, for nothing is harder than to interest specialists in their own theme. Still when once interested, their applause is more worth having than is that of those who have not studied the same subject, or who in this case have not camped out in Rahamna, or on the banks of the Sebou.

Some writers, such as Loti, seem to be born free of the East, and others such as Meakin, achieve their freedom with a price. We fancy we can see, in many places, that originally he was bound in prejudice, but by degrees, and in his intercourse with Berbers and with Arabs, his prejudice fell from him and he was able to see clearly and to estimate them as his fellow-men. This is the attitude which in Palgrave, Doughty, Blunt and some few others, at once delights all the unprejudiced. Nothing of value (except in mere statistics or pure science) can be done without its aid, and in our race it seems one of the rarest qualities ever to be found. After a tirade on the position women occupy amongst the Moors, which although true, is still too true to be quite accurate—for no extenuating shadow is allowed to wrap the harsh veracity of the recital—the writer has the honesty to say that Moorish women "are full of sympathy for the poor Nazarene woman who is obliged to leave the shelter of her four walls, and face the world unveiled, unprotected, unabashed". By doing so, he gives away half of his case, but gains in truth, and leaves the reader to weigh the question up and form his own opinion, both from the gloss and from the facts. The most interesting chapters are those on domestic life, which the author knows well in all its aspects, speaking the language better than

most Europeans, and having travelled much and often in the native dress. Except in Doughty or in Poole, few better descriptions of Oriental life exist than the chapters, "In a Moorish Café", "The Medicine Man" and in one called "The Native Merchant", all of which are, so to speak, rough gems, needing the polish of a little art to make them shine. They have an air of photographs, faithful and accurate, but with a lack of colour, which makes one wonder how a man who sees so much, cannot see something, which in some way he seems to miss; yet not for lack of due appreciation, for it is evident that Eastern life appeals to him, affects him strongly, and that the strange nostalgia of the road, the camp, the sun, the dirt, and the long hours on horseback in the rain, drown in his ears the roar of cabs, and that the spell which, once experienced, binds every traveller enchains him too.

For folklore, customs, knowledge of unfamiliar words, such for example as the use of "dogs" for "men" in chess and draughts, he stands amongst the first, if not the first, of writers on the Moors. Their proverbs he might easily collect and publish with a commentary, for some he quotes are excellent. "He whom a snake has bitten starts from a rope" is good enough to place beside the Spanish proverb, which sets forth that "Snakes which venture on a road come to be killed". "Work for the children is better than pilgrimage or Holy War" might serve as a motto for statesmen when considering the unemployed. With the Algeciras conference upon us, statesmen and those the question interests should read the chapter on the political situation, remembering that "wound of speech is worse than wound of sword". No one more clearly than the writer of the book shows us what infinite harm Morocco has endured by the necessity that correspondents of the press suffer in having to make news. The sham pretender, called in the land "El Rogui" (which means the "Common One"), has never been a real danger, though newspapers have represented him as being often just about to capture Fez. One fancies him, advancing, mounted on a more or less high-caste Arab steed, cheering his legions, quite in the fashion of the first heroes of Islâm. Reality, and Mr. Meakin, show him a sort of third-rate Arab cross between a thaumaturgist and a brigand; little above Raisuli in the latter branch of his profession, and in the former hardly the equal of the Prophet of Nauvoo. Throughout the history of Morocco there have been men such as the Rogui, who often have maintained themselves for years, and then mysteriously disappeared, or on the other hand died quietly in their beds, loaded with years and with the honours which attend a man who for a lifetime bears a flag of any kind aloft.

Following Lord Rosebery the author considers it was an error that Tangier was not neutralised, but differs from him in setting forth that in the future Morocco is sure to fall to France. He knows the natives far too well to cheat himself, or to attempt to persuade the public that French or British, German or any foreign rule will benefit them; but he hopes that British traders may eventually gain something by the rule of France. He ends his chapter in a cryptic way, with the remark "Thus out of the ashes of one hope another rises" which after all may be a Moorish proverb; but there are things which it is better that we do not know, as said the lady at Wiesbaden who saw upon a placard "The Presbyterian service is held at 12 o'clock", set forth in German, at a stationer's.

Morocco finished, after a glance at Tunis and Algiers and Tripoli, the author urges on his staid career through Spain, following the footsteps of the Moors. One of the requisites for the right Spanish traveller is an acquaintanceship with Arabic. The author does not travel as an Englishman in Spain, but as a Moor. He marks the bright red earth, so like his (we had almost written, native) Blad-el-Hamara, around Marrakesh; he sees the sluggish rivers swirling through muddy banks, and in the distance the blue sierras, in which he recognises at a glance the Atlas range. The vegetation, palmetto, olive, aloe, cactus, myrtle, azofaifar, sorghum, maize and sugar cane remind him of the further Spain beyond the Straits. "Tahona" written up above a house reminds him that the Arabs call a flour-mill by

the selfsame name. He hears the creaking "norias" and at once "naorâh" sounds upon his ear, though he forgets to tell us that the word originally meant "machine" in Nabathea, and was applied to the round water-wheel with its long chain of cogs, because it was the greatest of machines the Chaldeans knew.

We must thank Mr. Meakin for "raôdah" (cemetery) for La Roda, at which abominable and desert junction we have waited whole centuries for trains and pondered on its name during the heat, or shivering in the wind, with for refreshment nothing but aguardiente, and bright red sausages, hot as Gehenna and compounded of bad pork. Preserving the illusion, whilst peering in the book wherein the tourist is supposed to write his name and his address but often writes himself also ass, we find the following in Arabic and written by a Moor:—

"Oh Granada! from distant lands I have come to see thee, believing thee to be a garden in the spring; but I have found thee as a tree in autumn. I thought to see thee with my heart full of joy, instead of that my eyes have filled with tears". A little further on, another Arab has also made his moan with "Peace be on thee, Granada" "Praised be he who constructed thee, and may thy destroyers receive mercy". The transcriber of these pathetic lines observes, "as the sentiment of members of the race of its builders, these expressions are especially interesting; but they can hardly fail to be shared to some extent by visitors from Eastern lands of whatever nationality".

Would he had added "and from Western"; but he himself supplies the omission by this last chapter in his book.

A SHAKESPEARE TREASURE.

"Shakespeare's Poems and Pericles." Being Reproductions in Facsimile of the Original Editions. With Introductions and Bibliographies by Sidney Lee. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1905. 94s. 6d. net.

THIS handsome volume is supplementary to the fine reproduction in collotype facsimile of the First Folio issued in 1902 by the Clarendon Press, and as it contains all which was certainly produced or partially produced by Shakespeare, with the single exception of "Titus Andronicus", and not included in the First Folio, it thus completes the reproduction in facsimile of some of the most important original editions of Shakespeare's works. Of the quartos of the plays we have facsimiles in abundance, and their reproduction would be a mere work of supererogation. Not so the present volume. A glance at its contents will show how judiciously it has been designed, and the immense interest it cannot fail to have for all who concern themselves with the study of Shakespeare's text as well as for all bibliographers and lovers of literary rarities. It presents us with collotype facsimiles of the Bodleian copy of the first edition of "Venus and Adonis" (1593), of the first edition of "Lucrece" 1594 in the same library: of the magnificent first edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim" now in the Christie Miller Library at Britwell: of the first edition of the "Sonnets" (1609) from the Malone collection in the Bodleian, and of the first edition of "Pericles" (1609) in the same collection. Thus for a very moderate sum the lover of Shakespeare has at his disposal replicas, for all practical purposes indistinguishable from the originals, of editions literally priceless and inaccessible save only to those who can visit the places where they are deposited. On his permission to reproduce the Britwell copy of "The Passionate Pilgrim" the editor, Mr. Sidney Lee, is particularly to be congratulated, for it is in a far better state of preservation than the copy in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, the only other example of this impression known to exist.

The present volume is also enriched with facsimile reproductions of fifteen illustrative title-pages, namely those of the 1596, 1599, 1602, 1617, 1620 and 1627 (Edinburgh) editions of "Venus and Adonis", of the 1598, 1600, 1607 and 1655 editions of "Lucrece" including the frontispiece of the latter, of the two 1612

editions of "The Passionate Pilgrim", the one bearing, the other lacking, Shakespeare's name, of the John Wright impression of the 1609 edition of the "Sonnets" and of the 1611 edition of "Pericles". In execution, in all that pertains to the mechanical reproduction of the originals the work appears to be flawless, and, not less satisfactory in all that relates to type texture and apparel, certainly reflects the highest credit on the distinguished institution which is responsible for its production. We are, we may add, glad to see that each facsimile with the Introduction and bibliography belonging to it has separate pagination and thus forms an independent work. This seems to imply that ultimately each facsimile will be obtainable separately which will certainly be a boon to many to whom a few shillings are a consideration. It should be with what throws light on Shakespeare as it is with what throws light on the Book which alone rivals his works in the universality of its appeal; the more generally accessible such things are the better.

Mr. Sidney Lee's name is a sufficient guarantee for the competence with which the Introductions and Bibliographies have been done. The latter indeed leave little or nothing to be desired. All that unwearied industry and research can acquire he has made his own. It is the one branch of Shakespearean study in which finality is possible and we are by no means sure that, thanks mainly to him, it has not been attained. In any case it is not in our power either to impugn his accuracy in the smallest particular or to add an iota to the information he has given us. Perhaps the most curious facts that Shakespearean bibliography reveals are the extraordinary indifference of Shakespeare to the way in which his text was printed and the way in which he suffered, apparently without any protest, such trash as the "History of Sir John Oldcastle" and "The London Prodigal" to appear under his full name on the title-page.

Mr. Lee's Introductions, apart from their bibliographical value, are full of interest and instruction, and both here and in his other critical writings he may be said practically to have initiated what is almost a new and certainly a most important branch of Shakespeare study. The solidarity of the world of the Renaissance has never been sufficiently recognised. The best of all commentaries on our own Elizabethan literature is the literature not only of ancient Greece and Rome but of immediately precedent and contemporary continental literature. The importance of the first Mr. Lee, in our opinion, very greatly underestimates; he has certainly done nothing to illustrate it. Nor has he thrown any light on the influence exercised by the poetry and prose of Spain—practically an unworked mine among English scholars. But his knowledge of Italian and French poetry has enabled him to throw floods of light both on the genesis and characteristics of much of our Elizabethan verse, particularly on the sonnet, on its lyric and on its narrative poetry. In the present volume this is particularly illustrated by the Introductions to "Venus and Adonis" and the "Sonnets". His remarkably accurate and extensive knowledge of our Elizabethan literature both poetry and prose enables him to tread with a firm step wherever historical exegesis is required and makes the Introduction in this volume a mine of invaluable information. In Mr. Lee we are always sure of solidity accuracy and good sense—of the learning which can be submitted to positive tests and is never found wanting. His style, if without distinction, is always vigorous and lucid. His chief infirmity seems to lie in what in a work like this is only occasionally and subordinately required, in what cannot be submitted to positive tests, and may fairly be relegated to "matters of opinion". When, for example, commenting on a variant presented in Jaggard's version of the CXLIV, "Two Loves I Have" &c., namely—

"Wooing his purity with her *faire* pride"

for

"Wooing his purity with her *fowle* pride"

he pronounces Jaggard's version to be the better, he does not inspire us with much confidence in his critical judgment. And it is this kind of thing which makes

the Introduction to "The Passionate Pilgrim" the least satisfactory in the volume. Again in contending that Shakespeare was not the author of "Titus Andronicus" as a whole but that it was revised by him—a pure matter of opinion no doubt—we are surprised that he cannot feel that in a play presenting with the exception of one short scene such essential unity of style, tone and colour, it must in all probability either be Shakespeare's as a whole or not Shakespeare's at all.

But these are trifles and both they and what perhaps they indicate could only become important if Mr. Lee chose to abandon the work in which he excels and in which he justly commands so much respect for work in which it is easier to succeed so far as such success goes than to excel.

THE CASE OF SIR JOHN GORST.

"The Fourth Party." By Harold Gorst. London: Smith, Elder. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. HAROLD GORST has obviously a design in republishing magazine articles which first appeared three years ago. This reproduction of a chapter of history appeared immediately after Mr. Winston Churchill's biography of his father, which Mr. Gorst had seen in proof. We are therefore justified in inferring that Mr. Harold Gorst intends his account of the Fourth Party to be compared with Lord Randolph Churchill's, particularly of course with reference to the treatment of Sir John Gorst. It is a very pleasing spectacle that of these two dutiful sons, each busy in building a monument of his father. We cannot find it in our heart to criticise the manner of so filial a performance, even though Mr. Gorst challenges a comparison between his work and that of Mr. Churchill. We prefer to deal with the substance of the book, which is the charge that Sir John Gorst was badly treated by the leaders of the Conservative party in 1874, and by Lord Randolph Churchill in 1885 and 1886. Let us examine the facts as stated by Mr. Harold Gorst.

Mr. John Gorst was returned to Parliament in 1866, and after the defeat of the Conservatives in 1868, he was invited by Mr. Disraeli and the other leaders to devote himself to the work of organising the party in the country. Mr. Gorst installed himself at the central office, and abandoning his practice, or the beginnings of his practice, at the Bar, gave up all his time without salary to the task of putting the Conservative house in order in the constituencies. In 1874 the Conservatives obtained a large majority, due partly to the blunders of Gladstone, partly to the genius of Disraeli, but partly also to the efficiency of the organisation. Yet when the Government was formed, no place was found for Mr. Gorst, and according to the book before us, no recognition of any kind was vouchsafed to the organiser of victory. This, we say emphatically, was very shabby treatment. Indeed Lord Beaconsfield admitted it. Towards the close of his administration Lord Beaconsfield apologised to Mr. Gorst in these words. "Why did you not come and ask me for something? I have always been accustomed to people pestering me for appointments, and could not understand your keeping away. You have been very badly treated, and I am very sorry for it." Mr. Gorst was one of those people who could not ask, and accordingly, as happens in politics, he got nothing. In the 1880 Parliament Mr. Gorst found himself in opposition, and he would have been more or less than human if he had regarded Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross with very friendly feelings. He joined with Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr. Arthur Balfour in a policy of attacks upon the Liberal Government with the right hand, and upon the official Conservative leaders with the left. Such a position is a very dangerous one for a politician, for if he fails he is a ruined man. Mr. Gorst undoubtedly risked everything in joining Lord Randolph Churchill, who was risking much less, for he had many more resources in the world than his lieutenant. The boldest and most dangerous step taken by the Fourth

Party was their attack in 1883 upon the control of the party machine by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. The details of the struggle for the majority of the Council of the National Union are only faintly interesting to-day. Suffice it to say that it was too dangerous a game for Mr. Arthur Balfour, who sheered off from the Fourth Party about this time, and that Lord Randolph Churchill triumphed by the loyal aid of Mr. Gorst and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. It is Mr. Harold Gorst's complaint that, having won the battle, Lord Randolph Churchill "surrendered" the Fourth Party to Lord Salisbury without the knowledge or consent of Sir John Gorst. The so-called surrender happened in this wise. It was in July 1884 and the election of chairman of the National Union was approaching. Lord Randolph's victory at the Sheffield Conference made his election a certainty, but he was still at war with his chiefs, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff suggested that it was now time to bury the hatchet, and by skilful diplomacy and much running to and fro between neighbours in Arlington Street, succeeded in getting Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph to meet one another at a Marlborough House garden party, where the following terms were arranged by the two statesmen: 1. Lord Randolph Churchill and his friends were to act in harmony with Lord Salisbury, and were to be treated with full confidence by him and the ruling members of the Conservative party. 2. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was to be elected chairman of the Conservative party. 3. The Primrose League was to be officially recognised by the leaders of the party, and by the Council of the Union. 4. In order to celebrate this Concordat, Lord Salisbury was to give a dinner to the Council. Where is the capitulation here? We see here no surrender or even mention of any political principle, but merely a common-sense agreement between two statesmen to cease quarrelling and to unite two wings of the same party. It is true that Mr. Gorst was not consulted, as the thing had to be done quickly, and he was in the Isle of Wight. But his political position was in no wise injured by the reconciliation. Would Mr. Gorst have advised Lord Randolph to continue his war against his leaders? What happened to Sir John Gorst when Lord Salisbury formed his first Government in 1885 is another and more pertinent matter. Lord Randolph Churchill was the only member of the Fourth Party who was given a seat in the Cabinet. Sir John Gorst was made Solicitor-General, a post at that time worth at least £12,000 a year. Was that bad treatment? We can gather from a letter to Lord Salisbury, that but for Lord Randolph's insistence Mr. Gorst might have got something much less, or even nothing at all, as leaders are always unwilling to reward rebels. After the Home Rule election in 1886 Lord Salisbury formed his second administration, in which Lord Randolph Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Sir John Gorst was offered the Solicitor-Generalship again, though this time coupled with the condition that he should take the first puisne judgeship that fell vacant. Sir John Gorst refused the offer, in anger or in sorrow, and had to be content with the Under-Secretaryship for India. Was this ill-treatment? We confess that we are unable to pump up any sympathy with a man who refuses the highest posts in the law because he is determined to be in the Cabinet. It is the kind of ill-treatment which most political lawyers would very willingly endure.

THE SISTER OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

"*Wilhelmina: Margravine of Baireuth.*" By Edith E. Cuthell. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1905. 21s. net.

THESE private Memoirs give one a much better idea than general histories, where the author often attributes great actions, political as well as military, to those who took but little part in them." So writes Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth and sister of Frederic the Great, in 1751, to her friend Voltaire

as a result of perusing the book of the hour—"The Memoirs of Sully". Possibly she was reflecting on the future reception of her own vivid, if not always strictly accurate descriptions, which bring us so closely into touch with her across the gulf of a century and a half. And her latest biographer, Miss Cuthell, in these two portly volumes follows the fortunes of her heroine, using for the most part the Margravine's own pencil, as traced in her Memoirs and in her voluminous correspondence with the King her brother, and with her literary father-confessor Voltaire. As a biography the book is inclined to err on the side of length, and the style is occasionally slipshod, while a number of obvious blunders should be corrected, but the author deserves praise for giving us a thorough and always brightly written account of a really interesting personality.

Round these Memoirs, as round so many others, controversy has raged, and for a time their very authenticity was held to be in doubt. This cloud however is now dispelled, though historians like Ranke and Carlyle set little store by their historical value, Carlyle declaring roundly that at least twenty-five per cent. should be deducted as regards the truth she wrote. Among the many manuscripts that have been claimed as the original, the calf-bound volume, now in the Royal library at Berlin, first discovered in 1848 by the librarian of the day, Hertz, is now universally accepted as in the Margravine's own handwriting. In estimating their value as history it must be borne in mind that these "*Mémoires de ma Vie*" were not contemporary, but were written from memory on many different occasions, were repeatedly polished and repolished with the object of diverting the Margravine, as she says, from her sad thoughts, and to amuse her friends. Here at all events she never failed.

Granddaughter of George I. of England, and of his luckless wife Sophia Dorothea, daughter of Frederic William I. of Prussia, the Princess Royal of Prussia, born in 1709, was, as she herself says, "*très mal reçue*" on account of her sex. Three years later the longed-for heir arrived, and the keel of that friendship was laid which was destined to solace Wilhelmina throughout her troubled life, and to bestow upon Frederic the Great the one tenderly nurtured affection which belies his characteristic cynicism. Of the childhood of these scapegrace children the Memoirs paint a lurid picture. In her portrait of her father, the redoubtable Frederic William, Wilhelmina's pen scarcely flows with milk. Her immense genius for exaggeration, which renders her account from the historical point of view too often untrustworthy, finds full play in her description of the persecutions and tortures suffered at the paternal hands, and her biographer has been too much inclined to adopt and endorse Wilhelmina's sorry opinion of her father. Few rulers have been so much maligned by posterity as Frederic William, and no one more than his own daughter is to blame for the misconception of his stern, rugged if despotic character. For every stripe received from the King's too ready cane she repays him a hundredfold. But even Miss Cuthell must admit that Wilhelmina's conscience has the grace to prick her later for this spiteful picture, and, as the Margravine herself confesses, though the passage is not referred to here, she did it "more to show my cleverness and my good ideas than because I had a bad heart". Her literary instincts were too strong for her in an artificial literary age, *voilà tout*! Indeed on her first visit to Berlin after the old King's death she confesses to missing him. "Nature has her rights," says this friend of Voltaire (had she been reading Rousseau?) "and I may say with truth that I was never so moved in my life as on this occasion." Even apart from her embroideries it is not a too attractive picture of Court life that Wilhelmina depicts—the Queen-mother, true daughter of George I., masterful, ambitious, hard; the King for all his administrative virtues something of the Haus-Teufel, a lover of good wine at others' expense, a spendthrift in tall soldiers, his beloved Lange Kerle; the daughter Wilhelmina, old before she is ever young, intriguing, critical, inured to deceit from the cradle. Through it all runs the single thread of gold, the affection between brother and sister, "two bodies

and one soul" as Frederic writes after her death. His confession is a manly one. "It is to her that I owe in great measure what little good there is in me. It is she who has often made me restrain myself to moderate my constitutional impulsiveness which often went too far. She urged me to work. She made me think that every man, every prince, and especially a prince who is called upon to rule, should early imbibe the habit of work." To achieve so much is to have done more to make history than the writing of many volumes of memoirs however true.

The arrangements for the marriage of the Princess tended to contribute in no small degree to the discomforts of the Royal family régime. Not unnaturally it is on this subject that Wilhelmina wanders most widely in the pleasant realms of fancy, taking pains to include among the suitors proposed and proposing for her hand the three Kings prophesied by the good fairy at her christening. But the candidate who figured largest in her diary was her second cousin, the English Prince of Wales, that "Fred" of whom the best one can remember is that "he was alive and is dead." For this young hopeful the intriguing Queen-mother had long destined her daughter. The Margravine gives a racy account of the visit of George I. to Berlin to inspect the possible Princess of Wales and the story is redolent of Hanoverian courtliness. "After he had saluted the King and Queen I was presented to him. He kissed me and turning towards the Queen said to her 'Your daughter is very tall for her age.' He gave her his hand and conducted her to her apartment where everyone followed him. Directly I came in he took a candle and looked me over from head to foot. I remained motionless as a statue and very much put out of countenance. All this passed without his saying the least thing to me." But the English-marriage project, in which Miss Cuthell has adopted the views of Oncken and Berneck, raised questions of graver issue than were involved in a princess's beauty. Though to Wilhelmina her fate seemed all-important she was hardly so much as a pawn on the political board. England coupled with the proffered union the demand for an alliance between Frederic, then Crown Prince of Prussia, and Princess Amalia of England. To this Frederic William could by no means bring himself to consent. Moreover there was more in this double marriage project than met the eye, and for years plots and counter-plots were engineered by interested outsiders. Walpole's aim throughout being to detach Prussia from Austria, the Imperial agents at the Prussian Court, Seckendorf and Grumbkow, strained every nerve to put a spoke in the wheel of this dangerous English entanglement. Finally the English envoy, Sir Charles Hotham, was forced from the field, though with all the honours of war, and Wilhelmina's English prospects were shattered ignominiously.

After trying a course of imprisonment on his daughter to reduce her spirit, the old King, sick of failure, married her out of hand to Prince Frederic of Baireuth, Wilhelmina for her part making the best of what seemed a bad business by stipulating in return for her brother's release from similar captivity. There was nothing the loyal sister would not suffer for the idolised Frederic. The marriage, however, proved far from unhappy. The Margrave, known to local Baireuth posterity as the "Well-Beloved", the "Unforgettable", made a kind if not always a faithful husband. His portrait by Pesne in the Schloss at Berlin reveals a pleasant, open face with a kindly expression. Though not the intellectual equal of his brilliant wife, preferring "bowls to philosophy and ballets to Voltairian tragedy", the Margrave had his full share of accomplishments at an age when the standard was no low one, and under his rule the semi-barbarian Baireuth Court attained to dizzy heights of intellect and Parisian culture. Wilhelmina's energy knew no bounds. Besides her extensive building schemes for the conversion of the old Eremitage into the new Sanspareil, she must needs found a university at Erlangen, which was doomed to become in the nineteenth century, not quite in accordance with the Margravine's philosophical bent, a centre of Protestant theology. To one so devoted to music as the sister of Frederic the Great an opera-house was an essential, and all the genius of the imperial architect Bibbiena and the French S. Pierre was lavished on

this vast and costly toy, out of all proportion to the needs of the city.

It was on Wilhelmina's first visit to her brother after his accession that she made the acquaintance of Voltaire at Frederic's new château of Rheinsberg. "The King himself led his distinguished visitor up to the Margravine. 'Here I present to you my beloved sister'". A year later she began that correspondence which only ceased with her death, a correspondence that shows Voltaire in the pleasantest light, as respectful and admiring friend without *arrière-pensée*. In 1744 Frederic, visiting his sister, brings Voltaire with him. "Baireuth", writes the sage, "is a delicious retreat where one enjoys all that is pleasant in a Court without the inconvenience of grandeur". Again, "I have seen a Court where all the pleasure of society and the tastes of the mind are collected together". During this fortnight's visit operas, comedies and hunts were arranged, the Margravine herself acting Roxane to Voltaire's Acomat in Racine's "Bajazet". After the rupture between the King and Voltaire, Wilhelmina is the go-between, and at last effects a reconciliation with the exiled Frère Voltaire of the light-hearted Sans Souci days. And in these sad latter years, when Frederic, overwhelmed by war, defeat and disaster, even contemplates suicide, it is still the faithful sister who sets spies on his enemies, keeping him informed of their movements, and by her cheerful and inspiring letters plays the part of his good angel until her death.

NOVELS.

"Jules of the Great Heart: 'Free' Trapper and Outlaw in the Hudson's Bay Region in the Early Days." By Lawrence Mott. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

This is a capitally told story of Mr. Lawrence Mott's, with a finely presented character in the person of the hero. Jules was a "free" trapper, a man who did his work by himself and for himself, and who lived a kind of solitary wandering life in the woods and wilds that he knew with wonderful intimacy. He came to logger-heads with some of the Company's trappers; they trapped over his grounds and he promptly spoiled their sport, with the result that a feud was declared to the death. Many were the attempts to outwit Jules, but he was always equal to the occasion, not only getting the better of various contests of wits, but even heaping coals of fire upon the heads of his opponents, turning by this means some of his enemies from their enmity. The trapper's story, his patient seeking for Marie in the teeth of danger and death, is extremely interesting and deeply impressive. Mr. Mott is to be congratulated at once on the way in which he has sketched the scenes of the old trapper's labours and also upon his peculiar success in the management of the French-Canadian dialect. In the person of Jules Verbaux he has presented to us an individuality whom we are little likely to forget.

"The Expiation of Eugene: a Novel." By Frederic H. Balfour. London: Greening. 1905. 6s.

Mr. Frederic Balfour's new novel is on the whole a careful piece of work. In Eugene Llerena we have duality of an uncommon kind. Here is a young man brought up, to the age of seventeen, by a somewhat narrowly puritanical yet sweet and pure-minded mother—"narrow in a few things, wise in many things, true and pure and unselfish in all things". On her death he becomes known to his maternal uncle "a disreputable old bachelor of sixty-two, a man with no conscience, no affections, no tastes, no object in life and no friends". In addition to these influences and the mixed inheritance from a family that comprised such diverse types Eugene owed much in temperament and taste to his Spanish father. The story of his life and development, of his labours as a clergyman and then the revelation of his crime and the account of his expiation are managed with considerable ability. Baldly summarised the story might appear melodramatic, but Mr. Balfour has avoided the exaggeration connoted by that word; he has given

us a book interesting for its psychology as well as for its incidents. There are a few signs of careless writing which clamour for correction. This for example: "Gradually, as Alan knelt by his side with his head bowed and Eugene's hand in his, he lost consciousness". Who was "he"? Eugene, says Mr. Balfour; Alan insists affrighted grammar.

"The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." London: Smith, Elder. 1905. 6s.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" has no need to bid for popularity by condescending to the well-worn, but it must be confessed ever-popular theme of the "princess in disguise". It is something of a disappointment and a surprise to find her pursuing so well-trodden a path. However Priscilla herself is delightful, and the ways of royalties and courts are described with the airy security of one who knows. The writing is charming and there is much originality in the old librarian; and these qualities compensate for the conventional English village and disagreeable vicar's wife, and all the rest of the inevitable features of this kind of romance—but "Priscilla" is an unworthy successor to "Elizabeth", though she will be probably quite as popular.

"A Sicilian Marriage." By Douglas Sladen. London: White. 1906. 6s.

In his preface on Sicily Mr. Sladen says: "To make my story exciting I have crowded it with melodramatic events which really only come like angels' visits." This quotation is an adequate description of "A Sicilian Marriage" and a characteristic example of Mr. Sladen's style. His book is a fair specimen of the guide-book novel, which sandwiches history with love-scenes, and art-criticism with adventure. Mr. Sladen evidently knows a great deal about Sicily, but has not a very fortunate manner of imparting his information: his commonplace colloquial style is scarcely suited to the description of Grecian remains and wonderful scenery, though he has a certain sense of the picturesque both in art and nature.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South." By Francis Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Henry Brokman. London: Macmillan. 1905. 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Rulers of the South", under a new title, is here issued conveniently in one volume. It is an entirely charming and fascinating chapter of history written by one who, while full of the noblest spirit of romance, is yet soberly devoted to fact, who while recognising and employing the canons of practical exposition does not shrink from the use of that poetical language which alone can illumine the stirring epics of the history of South Italy. To speak plainly the book has set us wishing that Mr. Crawford would henceforth eschew fiction and devote himself to the writing of Italian history, ancient, mediæval and modern. We doubt if the development of Magna Græcia, or the rule of the Norman Kings of Sicily, or the wide-spreading influence of to-day's Mafia and Camorra, have ever been better dealt with by an English pen: here, then, are three examples of the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern, and further matter lies inexhaustible at Mr. Crawford's hand. We feel almost inclined to say that Mr. Crawford has hitherto mistaken his métier, and should have been writing history all along. His style, too, is altogether delightful: for instance the description of the papyrus and the river Anapus is a gem of its kind, delicate, faithful, poetical. Perhaps the secret of this history is the saving quality of a bold imagination joined to an instinctive feeling for the truth of poetry—poetry as he well says which "is itself that fourth dimension in our understanding wherein all is possible, and all that is possible is beautiful, and all that has beauty is true".

"Literary Celebrities of the English Lake District." By Frederick Sessions. London: Elliot Stock. 1905.

Mr. Sessions deals of course with the so-called Lake school, the Coleridges, Samuel Taylor and Hartley and Wordsworth; with De Quincey and Ruskin. We may find all we wish to know of these men in many books, so that here Mr. Sessions has perhaps undertaken a work of supererogation; but he gives some interesting chapters on lesser lights whose names only are familiar to most readers. Here, for instance, are

Spedding, Frederick William Faber, and Charles Lloyd. Lloyd was one of Charles Lamb's intimates and Mr. Sessions recalls a delicious testimonial—"your verses", wrote Lamb, "are as good and wholesome as prose". Mr. Sessions is very indignant at the thought of Byron sneering at Lamb and Lloyd for their admiration of Wordsworth. We think, however, his wrath takes rather a ridiculous form. Fancy, he exclaims, "a Byron sneering at Southey, Wordsworth and Lamb! These at least are equal if not superior to himself". Possibly Mr. Sessions may mean that the three bulked together are equal to Byron. But, as he writes, it looks as if he thought Southey Byron's equal or superior. Lloyd's poems and novels are now forgotten. They have not for many years been reprinted; yet a very few bibliophiles pay considerable prices for a good copy of the poems.

"Village, Town and Jungle Life in India." By A. C. Newcombe. London: Blackwood. 1905. 12s. 6d. net.

If the success of a work is to be judged by the completeness with which its object has been attained this must be pronounced a most successful book. Mr. Newcombe has set himself to produce an essentially commonplace work. And he has done it. His intention is to describe the ordinary life of an ordinary English official in India, for the most part living in ordinary places and doing ordinary things. This he has achieved most thoroughly. In so doing he has written a book of unusual character, which gives a far better idea of the life of Englishmen in India to-day than the common pretentious works which aim at picturesque descriptions and confine themselves to incidents which suit that purpose. For Mr. Newcombe nothing is too small. His pages are rich in those trivial matters and little experiences which make up immeasurably the greatest part of Anglo-Indian existence. He writes with full knowledge and an experience of various, widely separated, parts of India which does not often fall to the lot of an official. The statistics which he introduces—perhaps unnecessarily—his descriptions of scenery, of archaeology and of native life and character all conform to the general character of the work and the illustrations are well selected to suit its purpose.

"Lippincott's New Gazetteer of the World." London: Lippincott. 1906. 42s.

Messrs. Angelo and Louis Heilprin have done their work of bringing this Gazetteer up to date very thoroughly. Exactly half a century has elapsed since the Gazetteer was first published and during that period various editions have established its reputation for trustworthiness. It is what the editors call it—"a dictionary of universal geography"—and should find a ready place on all reference bookshelves.

THEOLOGY.

"Jesus and the Prophets: an Historical, Exegetical, and Interpretative Discussion of the Use of Old Testament Prophecy by Jesus and of His Attitude towards it." By C. S. Macfarland. New York and London: Putnam. 1905.

The design of this book is excellent. An examination of the quotations in the New Testament is the best introduction to the study of Biblical Theology; if a student will have the perseverance to work through all the quotations which Our Lord and His Apostles make from the Old Testament, studying them first in their original context, and then in the meaning and purpose with which they are quoted, he will know his Bible and its interpretation to very good effect. And any book which does this for us or, still better, helps us to do it ourselves deserves a warm welcome and a careful reading. Dr. Macfarland has set himself to this task; he has collected the Old Testament passages quoted by Our Lord in the Gospels, and his discussion of them and of the problems raised by them is in many ways useful and stimulating. Yet we cannot praise the book unreservedly; the author is well up in the German critics and shows a tendency to assimilate their conclusions rather too readily; and though he certainly does not go so far as to maintain that it was the disciples who first claimed that their Master was the Messiah, and not the Master Himself, he does set about the criticism of the Gospels with two kindred ideas firmly fixed in his mind. And these are (a) that the evangelists frequently mistook the meaning of Our Lord's words, and so saw fulfilments of prophecy where none existed, and (b) that they attributed to Him words and quotations which He never uttered, but which in the light of after events proved such a startling fulfilment of prophecy that they concluded He must have spoken them or ought to have spoken them; S. John of course is made the worst offender in this respect. Now such criticism is very subjective; there are no doubt conceivable extreme cases as to which all critics would agree that the Saviour is sure to have said this or not to have said that; but the majority of cases are not extreme and on these critics will not agree, and argument is very difficult; and so when

(Continued on page 86.)

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Dr. Macfarland rules out some of Our Lord's quotations as not genuine, because they are alien from the spirit in which He usually quotes the Old Testament, all we can say is that they do not seem so to us. Another doubt as to the value of this book is caused by an awful suspicion—not the first that we have had in reading American theology—that the author has not a deep knowledge of Greek. Careless proof-reading may be responsible for *οπισω* instead of *οπισθεν*; but will it account for the persistent omission of accents and breathings whenever Greek is quoted, or for such expressions as “a Logia”, “that Logia”, “another Logia”? It is good to know German if one is going to write a book on the Greek Testament; but it is better to know Greek.

“The Failure of the ‘Higher Criticism’ of the Bible.” By Emil Reich. London: Nisbet. 1905. 6s.

Dr. Emil Reich has chosen a question-begging title; and the title is not the only place in the book in which questions are begged; in one chapter he goes so far as to prophesy that in the near future a copy of Genesis in cuneiform script of the twelfth or thirteenth century B.C. will be discovered—and what will become of the higher criticism then? Why, then of course it will vanish away like a nightmare; but not till then. Still the author has got hold of one argument which would be worthy of consideration if he would be content to state it simply and not repeat it over and over again with a mass of redundant rhetoric and ill-mannered abuse of the higher critics. It is that in their constant analysis and criticism of the Old Testament documents the critics have lost sight of the broader features of history, features prominent in the other great nations of antiquity and therefore to be expected amongst the Jews; and these are the enormous influence of individuals in moulding the destinies of a young nation, and the important effect produced on the politics of every state by the strangers who have come to sojourn in it. We think that this is true, and that it constitutes a real probability that Abraham and Moses are persons and not tribes or sun-myths; some such personalities seem to be needed to explain the great historical movements of their times. Still we imagine that the wiser critics are aware of this and allow for it; we may refer to the review of Dr. Hastings' last volume of the “Dictionary of the Bible” in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 23 December; and in any case there was no need to make such a fuss about it as Dr. Emil Reich has done.

“The Bible and Christian Life.” By Walter Lock. London: Methuen. 1905. 6s.

Under this title the Warden of Keble has published a number of sermons and addresses on the Bible and its value, both for our faith and practice, in the light of modern criticism. We should describe the book as eminently useful; the sermons are all of a very high level, though not of quite the highest; there is no remarkable originality of thought or skill in treatment, and we cannot say that Dr. Lock brings anything very new towards the solution of the deeper problems he handles. But his work is throughout that of a careful student and good scholar, who reads and thinks before he writes and then writes clearly and wisely, and whose judgment on questions of biblical criticism is that of a deeply religious man, and is on that account the sounder. Both in the sermons and in the preface we are listening to one whose criticism is a help not a danger to his faith. The later sermons in the volume are mainly practical, and are excellent specimens of what college sermons should be; yet there is one flaw in them, and that is a tendency towards inapt illustration; more than once we have felt that on the top of a good argument or lesson is placed an example which does not really illustrate it, but looks as if the preacher had lately heard or read of it and thought it might as well come in.

“Bread and Salt from the Word of God” in Sixteen Sermons. By Theodor Zahn. Translated by C. S. Burn and A. E. Burn. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1905. 4s. 6d. net.

Dr. Zahn has long been known amongst New Testament scholars as one of the leading conservative critics in Germany, “the prince of conservatives” as he has been called. But though his learning is great, and his literary output enormous, both on the New Testament and in early Church history, he has never been a popular writer; those long German sentences, and pages with never a single paragraph division in them, have frightened away many a mature student, let alone beginners. And it will be a surprise to an English audience to find in Theodor Zahn an earnest Lutheran pastor as well as a University professor, and to meet in this excellent translation a volume of sermons by him. They are not academic, nor controversial, nor dull; compared with the average English sermon they show to advantage in two points, their clear and careful arrangement and, we must confess, their far deeper knowledge of the Bible. We feel that the preacher is mighty in the Scriptures and that he quotes texts not because of their chance or verbal agreement with his subject, but because they have a real bearing upon it. The sermons are solemn and the eloquence fine and restrained; our own clergy might study them with profit.

“Spiritual Difficulties in the Bible and Prayer Book, with Helps to their Solution.” By H. M. Luckcock. London: Longmans. 1905. 6s.

It is notorious that reviewers are always men of profound intellect and deep learning; and it stands to reason that much which would be valuable and interesting to the general public will appear to them trite, commonplace, and mediocre. The series of short sermons and notes which the Dean of Lichfield has collected together under this title certainly appear to us stale and ordinary; from beginning to end there is hardly a sentence which we do not seem to have heard many times before; there is nothing original or vigorous either in the thought or in the treatment. But still it is all very proper and edifying and orthodox; quite reverent and safe; suitable for family reading on Sundays; and no doubt, considering the ignorance of respectable Church people on matters touching their Bible and Prayer Book, it will come as a revelation to many, and explain problems that have given them a good deal of trouble; and to these we can recommend the book.

“English Church History from the Death of Henry VII. to the Death of Archbishop Parker. Four Lectures by A. Plummer. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1905. 3s. net.

It is a real boon to have a series of popular and interesting lectures on the Reformation by a loyal Churchman such as Dr. Plummer; there are champions enough to write on that stormy period from either extreme standpoint; Romanists and Protestants can each make out a bad case against the other. But Dr. Plummer writes fairly; he knows how to be severe to both sides when they deserve it, is favourable in his estimation of Wolsey, and not too hard on Henry VIII. Perhaps it is the earlier part of his book and his account of Henry's reign that will contain most that is new to the average Englishman; few of us realise, for instance, how many monasteries were suppressed in our country before there was any thought of breaking away from Rome, and how small some of these houses were; but it was from Rome itself that Wolsey obtained permission to suppress religious houses the inhabitants of which did not exceed six in number, and it was with the revenues of these institutions that he founded his school at Ipswich and his college at Oxford. We can heartily recommend this book to readers who wish to know the main outlines of English Reformation history.

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